Northern Messenger

Wm Bronscombe 1904

VOLUME XXXIX. No. 10 MONTREAL, MARCH 4, 1904. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

A Peep at The Japs.

The principal apartments in all Japanese houses are at the back, looking out on miniature landscapes—for a landscape is skilfully dwarfed into a space often not more than thirty feet square.

A lake, a rock work, a bridge, a stone lantern and a deformed pine are indispensable, but whenever circumstances and means admit, quaintnesses of all kinds

are introduced. Small pavilions, retreats for tea-making, reading, sleeping in quiet and coolness, fishing under cover, and drinking 'sake'; bronze pagodas, rock caves, with gold and silver fish darting in and out; lakes with rooky islands, streams crossed by green bridges,—high enough to allow a rat or frog to pass under; a stork standing on one leg; lawns and slabs of stone for crossing them in wet weather, grottoes, hills, valleys, and groves of miniature palms and bamboo; and dwarf trees of many kinds, of purplish dull-green hues, are cut into startling likenesses of beasts and creeping things, or stretch distorted arms over tiny lakes.

Not only do the Japanese show great skill in altering the natural appearance of trees and shrubs, to create a quiet sense of pleasure in the mind, but they know how to utilize them to the fullest extent. Their candles are made from a vegetable wax; for export the wax is carefully bleached. Over sixty kinds of paper are manufactured from the mulberry tree, while another species of mulberry is grown for the important manufacture of silk.

To say nothing of walls, windows, cups, pocket handkerchiefs, lanterns, string, wrappers, cloaks, hats, baggage-covers, paper is used domestically and professionally for all purposes for which we use linen, bandages, and cloths, and the consumption of it is enormous. It is so tenacious as to be nearly untearable, and even the finest kind—an exquisite and almost transparent fabric, soft like the most delicate silk 'crepe,' in which fine gold lacquers are usually wrapped—can only be torn with difficulty.

The lacquer tree does not attain a larger size than our ordinary ash, which it much resembles in general aspect. It is grown for the sake of that celebrated varnish which gives its name to the most beautiful of Japanese manufactures. The trees are all scarred with numerous incisions, from which the substance exudes in the early spring. As taken from the tree it is of the color and consistence of thick cream, but becomes dark on exposure to the air.

Lacquer is used for all kinds of purposes, from the golden shrines of Shiba and Nikko down to the rice-bowl in which the humblest coolie takes his meal. I can do more fancy Japan without lacquer than without paper, and combinations of the two are universal. The fine lacquered articles which are sold in the shops are enriched with five coats of the varnish, and good old lacquer bears the contact of live embers without blistering. The seed of the lacquer tree produces a good deal of oil. The smell or touch, or both combined, of new lacquer, produces in many people, both natives and foreigners, a very uncomfortable malady known as 'lacquer poisoning,' which in mild cases affects the skin only, but in severe ones the system generally.

The wistaria, which is largely used where strength and durability exceeding that of ordinary cables is required, seems universal. As a dwarf it covers the hills and roadsides, and in its larger growth, climbs the tallest trees, and occasionally kills them, cramping and compressing them mercilessly, and finally riots in its magnificent luxuriance over their dead branches. Some of its twisted stems are as thick as a man's body. In pleasure-grounds it is trellised and trained so as to form boughs of large size, a single tree often allowing a hundred people to rest comfortably under its shadow. On some rivers a strong cable of plaited wistaria crosses the water at a great height, so as to allow of the scows and the plank bridge which they carry, rising and falling with the stream.

Among the other ingenious devices are ropes or bolsters of stones, consisting of cylinders of variable length, and from two to four feet in diameter, made of split bamboo, woven in meshes small enough to prevent the escape of a six-pound stone. They are filled with water-worn boulders, and serviceable dams and embankments are formed by laying the cylinders one

above the other. Bad as the ravages of floods are, they are much mitigated by this simple arrangement.—'Everybody's Magazine.'

John Jurgons

A TRUE SKETCH.

(J. W. Walton, in 'Gospel News.')

A business friend of mine, a Greek gentleman, educated in Paris, was discussing with me a very interesting topic a short time since, when it became germane to my side of the question, for me to point to our porter, a tall, muscular Russian, a member of the Salvation Army, with the remark:

'There is a scientific fact, a man whose life was suddenly and completely changed. I call the phenomenon conversion: how do you account for it?' Since then 'Big John,' as we used to call him, has passed from this earth, and it is proper to give his story publicity, to the glory of the only God who can save after this sort.

John Jurgons belonged to an ancient Swedish stock, annexed to the land of the Czar by some war of conquest. His father was a book-binder in Pernau. He followed the sea, and, like many other rovers, left his early Lutheran training behind him. When first known on the lakes his reputation was that of a fighter, particularly when in his cups.

His great strength, for he was six feet and nearly three inches tall, together with his lower nature ruled him. Of course he was unhappy, and so disgusted did he become with his life, that at the end of a debauch several years ago, he resolved to end his life. Taking with him a rope, he went alone into the woods at Ashtabula Harbor. He first tied one end of the line to a limb and then used his sailor's skill to form a running noose.

But in view of the awful thought of appearing before his Judge, he knelt down and in his ignorance asked God to forgive the sin he was about to commit. His prayer was no sooner offered than answered. Instantly the Spirit of grace spoke peace to his poor soul, and he rose from his knees forgiven and saved. Returning to his ship he began to praise the Saviour.

In less than two weeks he was doing the same thing in the little 'Floating Bethel' on River street in Cleveland. The Rev. J. D. Jones more perfectly instructed him in the way of life. With the insight into human nature with which that rare man is endowed, he took the new convert with him to a meeting of the Salvation Army, held at 'No. 1 Barracks,' in a hard quarter of Cleveland.

On his first visit John was moved to bear testimony against the methods of the army, as being 'too fussy, too much noise in your religion.' The chaplain told him that he had been hasty and hurt these good people's feelings by his criticism. Upon that, John sought the captain and begged his pardon for having hurt his feelings, but he still insisted that he was right.

Upon looking into the matter further, however, he became satisfied that there was 'method in their madness,' and two weeks later he begged leave to join them, and was given the post of beating the big drum, which he did most effectually, everywhere showing his colors and bearing his testimony.

His life, however, spoke louder than the word or drum. From a raging lion, he became as tractable as a lamb. His Testament was his constant companion and it was referred to many times every day. His life was that of a docile, obedient child, whose hand was in that of his Father. Every question was instantly referred to him.

A fact that strongly appeals to men who are constituted like the writer of this, is that he busied himself in searching and paying his old debts to dram-sellers and boarding-house keepers. He paid all he owed, though a hard winter with no employment stared him in the face.

I shall never forget an incident which occurred soon after he entered the employ of our house. His duties, very humble, were conscientiously performed. One day he was engaged in cleaning the office windows, when a sea-faring man, perhaps a captain of mate of a vessel, entered. Passing by John, he spied his Army badge on his vest, for he had now reduced his distinctive marks to this modest livery.

Moved by the spirit of devilry, or, most likely, by that which is copper-distilled, he blurted out a string of blasphemous oaths, right in his face. Once that would have been a dangerous proceeding, but not now. I looked to see what the other man would say, for though this was not the position of controller of morals of that counting-room, the insult was too direct and palpable to be overlooked. Never shall I forget the mild sad expression of John's eye as he replied, in a calm tone:

'You don't know that Saviour as well as I do, or you wouldn't have the heart to use his name that way. He saved my soul.'

That was all, but that was enough. Not another word of profanity was heard from that individual during his stay. Could there have been a wiser answer? Many more illustrations might be given to show the dynamic power of simple faith, did the limits of this article allow.

But 'the dear Lord,' as I seem to hear the man call him while I write these words had use for this servant of his in another part of his kingdom, and before long, followed on foot in procession for miles to the cemetery by his fellow soldiers and others, his body was laid in the ground, there to rest until the resurrection.

They Count Up.

A pastor one day visited one of his parishioners, a poor woman who lived in one small room and made her living by her needle. He says: 'She put three dollars into my hand and said, "There is my contribution to the church fund." "But you are not able to give so much." "Oh, yes," she replied, "I have learned how to give now."

'"How is that?" I asked. "Do you remember," she answered, "that sermon you preached three months ago, when you told us that you did not believe one of your people was so poor that if he loved Christ, he could not find some way of showing that love by his gifts? Well, I went home and had a good cry over that sermon. I said to myself, 'My minister don't know how poor I am, or he never could have said that,' but from crying I at last got to praying, and, when I told Jesus all about it, I seemed to get an answer in my heart that dried up all tears."

'"What was the answer?" I asked, very deeply moved by her recital.

'"Only this: 'If you cannot give as other people do, give like a little child,' and I have been doing it ever since. When I have a penny over from my sugar or loaf of bread, I lay it aside for Jesus, and so I have gathered it all in pennies. Since I began to give to the Lord, I have always had more money in the house for myself, and it is wonderful how the work comes pouring in; so many are coming to see me that I never knew before. It used to be I could not pay my rent without borrowing something, but it is so no more. The dear Lord is so kind."'

He concluded by saying that this poor woman in five months brought fifteen dollars, all saved in a nice little box he had given her, and in twelve months twenty-one dollars. He says: 'I need hardly add that she apparently grew more in Christian character in that one year than in all the previous years of her connection with the church.'—'Church Union.'

Through The Furnace.

We are made of obdurate metal, and Heaven must needs smite us with terrible force. I saw a huge pile of rough, crude iron ore just taken from the bowels of a mountain; it was useless, but full of possibilities. They threw it into a furnace seven times heated. When it came out like a mill stream it had been born again. The old, worthless elements had been consumed, and it was now a new creature. That furnace was apparently a great sorrow; the flames were cruel, and the heat was not to be endured.

But the period of tribulation was not yet ended. A little later on, the bars into which it had been cast were heated to a white heat and placed under a trip hammer. The sparks flew as the blows fell; every flying spark was a remonstrance. But the designer, who needed that iron for a special purpose, shaped it into a plan of his own. It was no easy task, but the trip hammer fell with redoubled energy, and at last the metal yielded. It took the shape required, and if it had had consciousness, it would have been grateful for both hammer and furnace.

The soul must go through the furnace and into the forge and under the trip hammer. It takes shape slowly, and then only by blows. God's hammer is God's love. He wishes us to be all we can be, and affliction is the only means by which the end can be accomplished.—George H. Hepworth, in 'The Life Beyond.'

Postal Crusade.

The following amounts have been received for the Indian Post-Office Crusade Funds:—

Mrs. H. Smith, Bower Island, B.C.	$3.25
Mrs. Jos. Robson, Telfer, Ont	.50
Mrs. R. Cilles, Sherbrooke, P.Q.	2.00
Presbyterian S.S., Sprucedale, Ont.	2.00
Janet Mitchell, Glen Ewen, Assa.	.50
John Clark, Crowfoot Station, N.W.T.	1.00
L. G. Wright, Victoria, P.E.I.	.25
Mr. and Mrs. D. C. McKinnon	2.00
Mrs. Geo. Potts, Meyersburg, Ont.	1.00
Stephen H. Irving, Moncton, N.B.	1.00
B.Y.P.U. Baptist Church, Perth, Ont.	.80
Mrs. Wesley J. Steele, West Derby, Vt.	2.00
Sympathy, Burnstown, Ont.	5.00
George Morgan, Elm Valley, Man.	5.00
Mrs. A. Turgett, Hants Harbor, Nfld.	.30
	$26.60

BOYS AND GIRLS

Louise Ferguson's Cure.

(Pansy, in the 'Junior Christian Endeavor World.')

'Louise!' called her mother, 'are you being as quick as you can, dear?'

'Yes, mother,' Louise answered, and she dropped the book she had been reading to seize the hair-brush. Just what she meant by saying, 'Yes, mother,' it might have been hard for Louise to explain, though she told her conscience that it meant she was going to hurry. She knew she had been up long enough to be fully dressed; yet she was still barefooted, with her hair in snarls, and her fresh white dress hanging over a chair waiting to be put on.

'I wonder,' she said as she caught sight of it, 'why mamma gave me a white dress for this morning. We must be going to have company.'

Just then she caught sight of the new waist she had been making the day before for her Paris doll, Adele. Down went the hair-brush, and, seizing the waist, Louise ran in search of Adele. That young lady could not be found for some time, but was at last discovered behind the couch in the library, in a spot which had served for a lake when she was playing the part of one who had fallen in and been drowned. Louise fished her out, and began to try on the waist.

Then came her mother's voice.

'Louise, are you ready? It is time for prayers.'

Louise dropped the doll in dismay. It did not seem possible that it could be really half-past seven already. She began to search for the hair-brush, and could not remember where she laid it down.

But there, on the bureau, was her new perfumery-bottle not yet opened. She wondered whether it really smelled of 'new-mown hay,' and felt as if she could not wait any longer before finding out. If she could get just a whiff, she could tell. She untied the blue ribbon, lifted off the kid cover, poked at the cork with her fingers, then with the scissors, and at last pushed the cork into the bottle and the scissors into her fingers.

'Mean old thing!' she said, as she set down the bottle and sucked her finger.

Meantime, down-stairs, Louise's mother was moving toward the hall, when Mr. Ferguson said, 'If I were you, mamma, I shouldn't call that little girl again.'

'Oh, Ralph!' said Mrs. Ferguson. 'Not on this morning, of all others?'

'This is the morning of all others when it seems to me it should not be done,' the father said firmly. 'The child has been up for an hour, and has been twice warned already.'

'I know it, but—could you bear it to have her lose all the pleasures of this day just by a little heedlessness?'

'Dear mamma,' said Louise's father, now speaking gently, 'was it not after a long talk that you and I decided we must try to help our little girl break this habit of hers, even though it should cost her and us a good deal to do so? Consider how many times we have tried in other ways to help her. Didn't we both promise we would be firm in teaching her a lesson the next time she compelled it?'

If Louise could have heard her mother sigh, she would not have sat so idly on the window-seat, sucking her finger and watching two birds engage in a lively quarrel over the place for their nest.

'It is all true,' said the mother. 'You are right, I know, and a promise is a "promise," but—oh, dear! I "hope" she is ready.' Then she went to the kitchen.

'Norah, will you step upstairs and see if Louise is almost ready? Don't say anything to her about the plans for breakfast; that is part of the surprise.'

In two minutes Norah was back.

'She isn't ready at all, ma'am,' she said. 'She has no shoes nor stockings on, and her hair isn't even combed out. She sits in the window, talking to Jennie Brooks across the garden.'

Mrs. Ferguson went back to the sitting-room. Her face was very sad. They talked together, father and mother; then Norah was called and given careful directions, and then the great hamper, packed with all sorts of good things, was carried out, and Mrs. Ferguson began to put on her bonnet; but all the brightness had gone out of her face.

'The great four-horse mountain waggon has stopped at your front door!' called out Jennie Brooks to Louise, and Louise skipped to the guest-chamber and then peeped through the blinds.

Sure enough! And papa was bringing out a hamper. Aunt Laura and Cousin Dick must be going to King Mountain. How mean of them! Dick had promised that she should go with them the very next time. Yes, there was Dick now! If she only had her dress on, she might call to him and remind him of his promise. She looked about her eagerly for something to wrap herself in; nothing was at hand. Why, there was mamma coming out, all dressed in white and with her hat on! Oh, dear! she was getting into the waggon! And papa, too!

'Mamma!' the little girl called frantically. 'Oh, mamma! wait!' She rushed into her own room, and began to draw on stockings and shoes in the wildest haste, all the time crying, 'Mamma! "mamma!" ' But the great mountain waggon rolled away; she could hear the tramp of eight pairs of feet down the road.

What did it mean? What 'could' it all mean? Her mother and father could never have gone to King Mountain, of all places in the world, without her! Hadn't she been wanting to go, all the spring? They must have just driven to the other street for some of the party, and meant to come back for her. She dressed fast enough now. The hair-brush was found; and in a wonderfully short time Louise was all dressed and on her way down-stairs, all the while listening eagerly for the rumble of wheels that never came.

'Your breakfast is ready, Miss Louise,' said Norah.

'Norah,' said Louise, her voice fairly trembling with eagerness, 'where are papa and mamma gone? Did they go before breakfast? Are they coming back for me?'

'No more they ain't,' said Norah, answering the last question first. 'They won't be back until night. They've gone to King Mountain, child, twenty of them, and took their breakfast, and luncheon, too, along, as nice a one as ever went up there, if I do say it that shouldn't. They felt awful bad to go without you; your pa looked like he was goin' to a funeral, and your ma 'most cried; but she said she gave you more than an hour to dress and called you twice, and that was the third time this week you had bothered in the same way, and they had just "got" to show you how silly it was.'

All of these words Louise did not hear. She had buried her head in one of the porch pillows, and was sobbing as if her heart would break.

What a long, strange day that was for Louise Ferguson! At first she could not get used to the thought that her father and mother had really gone away for a long, bright day of pleasure and left her at home. Nothing like this had ever happened to her before. She ate no breakfast; the thought of it choked her. She knew just the green and lovely spot where the mountain party would stop for their breakfast; but she did not know, or at least realize, what a sad breakfast that would be for her father and mother, nor how utterly she had spoiled their day's pleasure.

After a while she went up-stairs, and put Adele away in a closet. She thrust the yellow waist into the bottom of Adele's trunk, and said she should never finish the horrid, hateful thing. In this way for an hour or two she got what comfort she could by blaming everything and everybody, except the right one, for her trouble. Even the robins were scolded for helping to make her late.

The day wore away by slow degrees. Louise practised her music for two whole hours, instead of one, and learned all her lessons for Monday, and put her room in very nice order, and finished the story-book which had hindered her in the morning, and commenced a letter to her friend, Alice Wood.

'Your mother said you might go over to your Grandma Ferguson's this afternoon if you wanted to,' Norah had told her at dinner-time. Louise thought about it, and decided that she did not want to go. Grandma would be 'so' astonished that she was left at home, and would ask ever so many questions; and Mrs. Blair, grandma's nurse, would nod her head and say, 'I told you your dawdling ways would get you into trouble!' Louise could almost hear her voice, and did not like it. She would not go to grandma's.

At four o'clock the lonely girl wandered into the garden and grape-arbor; and there Norah came to her, dressed for a walk.

'Your mother said I might go to the train with a package for father when he passes on the four forty-five,' she explained. 'I'll be back in a little while; I have locked the front door, and you would better turn the key in the back door, too, if you go in the house before I get back.'

Even Norah could have a holiday this June day, everybody but poor Louise, who still pitied herself. The arbor looked very lonesome to her, and she decided to go to the attic and look over the picture papers piled there. It is true this was a rainy-day pleasure, but Louise could not settle to anything else.

Seated among the papers, making herself believe she was hunting for a certain picture hard to find, the lonely little girl heard voices.

'Yes, they are all gone; they went to King Mountain this morning, the whole kit of 'em. I seen the waggon away out on the road, and seen them in it; and the girl has gone to that train that her father runs on; so she won't be back for a good hour anyhow; time enough to strip that old tree that they think so much of, and nobody be the wiser. Let me go up first; then you hand up the basket, and climb after it.'

The black-cherry tree! its branches were hanging so full that some of them had to be propped. Only yesterday her father had said that two more days of sunshine would make those cherries perfect. And they were the ones that Grandma Ferguson liked so well, and the ones that were used for grandma's desserts for all winter! Not another tree of its kind anywhere about. Now somebody was planning to steal the fruit! Yes, there they were, at work. And it was Sam Rice and Jerry Washburn, two of the worst boys in town; she could see them both quite plainly.

What could be done? 'Somehow' those cherries must be saved. It would break papa's heart if grandma's fruit were stolen. Front and back doors were closed and locked; the boys could not get into the house, even if they should dare to try it. Why should she not call out? Perhaps they would be frightened and run away. She might try it, anyhow. What would she say?

It did not take long to decide. A few minutes of fast picking, then a shrill voice startled the thieves.

'Wouldn't you like another basket, Sam? Shall I bring one down for Jerry to use? Then you could each have one.'

The startled boys hushed their voices, and peeped through the leaves, and trembled, and whispered. Who could that have been? Nobody was to be seen, for Louise, the moment she had shouted her words, had dropped below the window, inside. Down they scrambled, pale with fright and shame. Somebody somewhere could see; that was certain. They wanted no more cherries. What they wanted was to get away as fast and as far as they could.

By seven o'clock of that long, long day Louise was sitting on the porch with her father's arm around her, looking up at the still full cherry-tree. She had told her eager story, told it, indeed, several times, and explained and enlarged upon it until there was not another word to add.

Yet, someway, she was not so happy as she had expected to be. Her father had said he was glad the cherries were safe; but he had looked grave when he said it, and Louise's mother had looked sad and worn. She was attending to a business caller now, and Louise and her father were waiting for her to come back.

'Papa,' said Louise, 'wasn't it a good thing, wasn't it "splendid," that I was left at home, after all? Or there wouldn't have been a cherry. Aren't you glad?'

'No,' said her father. 'On the contrary, I am very sorry. Does my Louise think that a tree full of cherries can make right a day of disappointment and pain for her father and mother, a day meant for happiness, spoiled through a fault of their little daughter's that she does not care enough about to try to correct?'

'Oh, papa, I do. I'm always going to hurry after this; but, if I had hurried this morning, you wouldn't have had a cherry left.'

'Daughter,' said Mr. Ferguson, and he turned Louise's face around so that he could look into her eyes, 'I would rather never have another cherry on that tree than to have had for one half-hour this morning a little girl who was doing wrong.'

'Oh, father!' said Louise, her voice full of tears. 'And grandma loves them so much!'

'Yes, but I would rather that even my dear old mother should go without her pleasure in them than that my own child should let herself do a thing that's wrong.'

For the first time in her twelve years of life Louise Ferguson got an idea that very night of what it meant to her father and mother when she went wrong.

'Even in such a little bit of a thing as being slow!' she said softly to herself, as she lay on her pillow. 'How "much" they care! I mustn't ever make them sorry again. I WON'T! So THERE!'

It was really the first settled promise to try to overcome her faults that Louise had ever made.

Out or In.

'Trouble is with Maria,' said Cousin Jane, 'that all her doors open in. Anything that's brought to her she's willin' enough to have. If her friends'll come in, and make a fuss over her, Maria's glad to see them. Her doors turn on the hinges easy enough to let in the things and the people she likes. When she was young and good-looking, and well off, Maria enjoyed life pretty well. What she wanted came to her, and she was contented enough. But now that she's older, and hasn't as much to live on as she used to, she frets, and complains that life isn't worth living, and thinks people slight her, and that she has a hard and bitter lot. So far as I can see, the bitterness is mostly in Maria more'n in her lot, for it's just an average lot—that's all. But Maria thinks no one has as much to bear in life as she has.

'If she once knew what some folks had to bear, she wouldn't feel so—she'd be thankful instead. But her doors don't open out. She doesn't get into the people's lives. She has never gone out of herself to help a friend, even. She's never set out to do any work for others. Things must come to her; she doesn't go to them. For everything leads in, and nothing out, in Maria's life. It's no wonder folks have got tired of bringing love and sympathy and cheerfulness and brightness to her, when she never comes out of herself to bring anything to anybody.

'If I was Maria, I'd take my doors off, and rehang them, all opening out, instead of in. 'Twould be something of a job in the way of repairs, but it would pay—yes, it would!'—'Forward.'

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

The Walk on the House Top

(Mrs. Findley Braden, in 'New York Observer.')

When the Nineteenth Century was still young, said Grandmother Lynn, I was a lively Nantucket child, with but one real sorrow, the long absence from home of my dearly loved father, Captain Jared Wade, for his last voyage, in his own splendid ship, the 'Vulcan,' was to far-away China, and poor mother and me had not heard from or of him, for considerably over a year. Many of our pitying, kind-hearted neighbors believed him lost, yet we never gave up hope, and did not cease praying aloud, both night and morning, that God would bring him safely back again.

Our house in Nantucket town was then fine and new, and I remember well the large square parlor, with its cheery open fire-place, the after-scene of so many precious kin-gatherings. I went to school every day, was studying hard, and had my bouts of knitting to do after play hours. And so by keeping busy, I was not really unhappy.

'Father's coming home, soon,' I said one morning, to cheer my pretty drooping mother up a bit.

'Yes, yes, Dionis,' she answered quickly. But the tears came into her mild hazel eyes, as she sadly looked at me, across the broad mahogany table. I wanted to cry too, but I bit my lips hard, and was able to smile instead.

'The "Vulcan" is strong and safe, and will weather every storm. The sailors all said that when they sailed away. And we don't forget it, do we, mother?'

She eagerly nodded her still ringleted head, that I had seen father smooth and admire so many, many times. 'He is sure to come, Dionis. For we want and need him so, and our other Father is good and kind. Those who go down to the sea in ships, have but to call upon him, when in distress.'

I kissed her pale cheeks, and began to trill a merry little air, one too, that she and father had often sung together.

'Don't, child,' she said, with sudden earnestness.

'Oh, mother, did I hurt you?'

'Yes, more than I can tell.'

'Then I won't sing. Can't we go up on the walk, instead? I want to look far out to sea. Why, father might be coming home this very day.'

Dear mother arose from her fiddle-back chair, at that, and took my hand gravely. 'Come then, Dionis. We have surely been to the housetop a thousand times, since father left us, but it is always well to be on the watch. And the spy-glass is in the hall.'

We picked it up, as we passed through, and then slowly climbed the long stair, with its handsome hand-hewn oak rail for support. There was a shorter stair above this, with a trap door right overhead, by which we reached the pleasant walk on top.

'We must never give up watching for father,' mother went on, with a tender kiss. 'He is somewhere on the sea, and just where, we will know in God's own good time.'

'Your turn, first,' I said, putting the glass into her trembling hands.

She tried to turn it seaward, but suddenly laid it down again, with a sob, 'I cannot, Dionis. The tears will come.'

So I turned my sturdy little back on her misery, and looked out as far as I could. The sea was smooth and calm, and seemed like a stretch of beautiful blue grass. But what was that upon its bosom? A ship? Yes, it was one, for a certainty.

'Can you see anything, child?'

'Yes, mother.'

'Not a ship?'

'But it is. Do look for yourself, mother dear.'

She took the glass again, and this time her hand was steady, and the hot tears had been wiped away. Then she gave a long sweeping glance at the horizon, just as I had done myself. 'Dionis,' she said, at last, 'there is a ship in plain sight. Run down, and find Captain Blair. See that he tells the crier to shout the good news at the street corners. Tell everybody you meet to get to their housetops. And the ship may be the "Vulcan." God grant that it is!'

I fairly flew on my glad errand, and it was joy that gave me wings. Father coming? Why, we could not know the blessed truth a minute too soon. And the very first person I met, was the good old captain. He had always loved my father, and well did I know that he also loved me. 'Mother's on the housetop with her glass, and we've both seen a ship,' I cried, in eager falsetto. 'Please get the crier out, at once. And oh, don't you hope we'll soon see father?'

He sprang towards me, with kind outstretched arms. 'You bring good tidings, sweetheart. The whole town shall know it in a jiffy. Let me have one kiss and then go straight back to mother.'

'I saw the ship first,' I cried again. 'Mother could not look, for her tears dimmed everything so.'

'Please God, they may be the last she may have to shed on that score,' he interrupted reverently. 'You have sharp eyes, Dionis Wade, and I'd trust them, every time.' Then he cried out, in louder tones, as I hastened back, 'A ship! a ship! Crier, rouse the town!' And just as I reached mother's side the man himself was shouting our tale of joy. The neighboring walks were soon filled with excited people. For there was not a family in Nantucket that did not have some loved one off at sea, and so all were equally interested. Father's handsome sisters, my aunts Styntie and Laudine, quickly joined us, and the same cheering thought was in all our hearts, this sighted ship might prove the 'Vulcan.'

But none of us spoke for a time, as we were busy taking turns with the glass, instead. At last we clasped hands, and simply stood, and waited. Nearer and nearer, like a great sea-bird, came the weather-beaten ship. Mother restlessly paced the walk, with now and then a long drawn sigh. Aunt Styntie hugged me as only a fond relative can, and she whispered, 'What if father comes, pigeon?'

'Don't raise false hopes,' said aunt Laudine, even while she fastened a bright new ribbon on my tangled curls.

But by and by, a great cry went up, that was breathlessly repeated from housetop to housetop. We did not catch it, at first, perhaps because our hearing was dulled by the awful fear of disappointment. 'Madam,' called neighbor Transon to my mother, 'they say it is the "Vulcan."'

She would have fallen upon the walk, if my dear aunts had not supported her on either side. 'Thank God! thank God!' she murmured. 'Dionis is not an orphan, and I will see my true love again.'

When the ship came closer yet, we could all read her name through the glass. There it was in bold black letters, 'Vulcan.' And father? Surely he was somewhere on board. Already I felt his warm lips on mine, and his kind arms about me. How could I wait till he came on shore?

'Let us all go down, and prepare a rare dinner,' suggested mother, with a returning strength and energy. 'Jared shall have the best, and it must be ready when he arrives.'

'That was spoken like a true Nantucket housewife,' said aunt Laudine, with an approving smile. 'You have ever borne the name of Wade as a captain's wife should, and we love you for it.'

So once more we hastened down the stairs and were soon hard at work. I was permitted to dust the parlor furniture, and put fresh bouquets in the tall Japanese vases on the long mantle over the fire place. Mother quickly made a relishing chicken stew, and there were fresh vegetables and a pudding and custards for her to prepare beside. Aunt Styntie soon had a rich cake in the oven, while aunt Laudine set the table with graceful care and precision, and saw that all was right in the long, wainscoted dining room. And lastly new linen cushions for father's easy chair were brought out, and put in place. Then one joint labor of love for the time being was ended, and we impatiently sat down to await his coming. Poor mother did not wish any of us to go and meet him, lest, as she afterwards said, 'there might be some dreadful mistake.'

'If he is still alive, and well, he will find us all here at home, and ready with a substantial welcome,' she replied to my one entreaty. But my aunts once more ran up to the walk on the housetop. The ship had crossed the bar, and was rounding the point, while Long Wharf was being filled by a gay and happy crowd. I longed to be one of them, but mother kept me in, till Captain Blair opened the gate. 'Sail ho!' he cried, 'Jared Wade is safe back in Nantucket, and send greetings to all his kin. Let the child go to meet him.'

So mother said briefly, 'Go, Dionis,' and I needed no second bidding.

Father was taller than all his sailor lads, and I soon spied him on deck, giving orders as calmly as though he had not been absent a day. The crowd made way for me, and I ran through, feeling wondrous proud and happy. Then my uncle Warren hoisted me high above their heads, and the next thing I knew I was clasped in father's arms. He did not speak, at first, and I could hear his brave heart beating fast.

'They all thought you were lost, all but mother and me,' I cried, with a lingering kiss. 'And we hoped and prayed for months and months. But we knew you would surely come at last.'

'Where's mother,' he asked, quickly.

'Waiting for you at home, and, oh, so glad, and thankful! Why, she most fainted up on the housetop walk, when we all knew it was really the "Vulcan." But she's better now, and she has the best dinner in Nantucket, all hot, and ready this long time.'

After that father kissed me a dozen times, and started to go home with me. But the folks crowded around to grasp his hand, and what with a word to this one, and a nod to that, it was two by the clock before we reached mother's open parlor. She was sitting just inside, for she had grown far too weak to stand. But she reached out her hand in such a loving, girlish way, that father picked her up as he often did me. 'Martha, my brave true heart!' I heard him whisper, 'Thank God, that I have been permitted to return to you, and our little Dionis. And the voyage was a successful one, after all. I've got the most wonderful dress patterns for you and Laudine, and Styntie, not forgetting curious toys for Dionis.'

'Where are they?' I broke in, excitedly, though mother's trembling arms were still about his neck. Then my dear aunts came running in, and there were more hugs and kisses.

'Dinner next,' said father at last. 'Ah, how long it has been since I dined in Nantucket town. But I've taken my last voyage, Martha, and I shall never leave you again.'

That was father's home coming, long ago. I am a great-grandmother now, but all those joyous incidents are still fresh in my memory to-day. He lived to be a very old man, and we were all in all to each other, to the very end. I married Abner Lynn, and we moved to Boston. Once in a great while I was able to return to Nantucket. And I never passed the home of my childhood without taking a lingering look at the walk on the housetop from which I first saw the 'Vulcan.'

Brief Hints for Bright Girls.

Someone has suggested fifteen things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following accomplishments are within everybody's reach:

Shut the door, and shut it softly.

Keep your own room in tasteful order.

Have an hour for rising, and rise.

Learn to make bread as well as cake.

Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.

Always know where your things are.

Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.

Never come to breakfast without a collar.

Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned.

Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand.

Never fidget or hum, so as to disturb others.

Never fuss, or fret, or fidget.—'Waif.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date there on is March, 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Mealtime Sunshine.

(Miss Lucy A. Yendes, in 'New York Observer.')

'Pansy, have you got my stockings?' came in a querulous tone in Elizabeth's voice, and saying almost as plainly as in so many words, 'I know that you have, so don't deny it.'

'No, indeed, I haven't. I have plenty of stockings of my own!' retorted Pansy, indignantly.

'Then where are mine?' inquired Elizabeth.

'I did n't eat 'em; and I'm not wearing 'em,' snapped the irate Pansy. 'You'd better take care o' your things, an' then you won't lose 'em all the time.'

'I do take care of 'em, and I don't lose 'em when you leave 'em alone,' replied Elizabeth hotly.

Nor did her heat diminish when she found the stockings hanging to her own skirt, which Pansy had thrown on the floor when she wanted to sit down in the one chair which that room afforded, while she put on her own stockings. In this spirit, heated and irritated, they entered the dining room, with its brightly glowing fire, for it was early autumn, and the grate had been lighted.

'Good morning, girlies,' and 'good morning, papa,' preceded the usual kiss; and they sat down to the breakfast table, partly mollified, finally forgetting their half quarrel. But Mr. Phelps did not forget, and several times during the day he just thought of how he might bring harmony between his two motherless daughters, girls of twelve and fourteen years, who should not only have been companionable to each other, but a great comfort to him, instead of which scarcely a meal passed in which they did not have 'high words' even though they did not actually come to blows. Finally he wrote to his sister-in-law, a young lady who was teaching in a girls' school in New York, stating the case frankly, and saying that while he did not so much mind on his own account—although he felt that he was being deprived of what might have been his chief comfort—but because he saw that his daughters were really developing an antipathy for each other, and growing into a really selfish disregard of other people's feelings and their natural rights, one of which is to live in peace and harmony, to have an atmosphere of happiness even when deprived of luxuries or even of comforts which neither of his daughters were. 'And now,' he added, 'I wish that you would come and live with us for a year or two. Study the girls, and see if you cannot bring them together. I will double the salary that you are getting, and ask nothing except that you will "mother" my motherless girls.'

When Clara Bannister received that letter she did not hesitate as to what she would do, but at once responded: 'Meet me at the five o'clock train, Saturday,' which Mr. Phelps did, and so had a quiet talk before getting home with her, to the six o'clock dinner.

Both the girls were somewhat reserved before the aunt, who was almost a stranger to them; and this did not wear off the next day; but Monday morning before breakfast, Aunt Clara heard something similar to what had taken place on the preceding Monday, of which I have written, and while she was yet in her own room, which she had asked might be put next to theirs, that she might 'study' them unawares.

'I'll presume that Elizabeth is orderly, and Pansy careless,' she thought, fastening her tie. 'I wonder why they room together in this big house.' She went down to the dining room before the girls were ready, and noted their faces as they came in, one sullen, the other defiant.

The meal was almost silent, Mr. Phelps dreading an outbreak, Aunt Clara studying ways and means of prevention, and the girls rather hating to show themselves in so unfavorable a light before their young aunt. But they separated for the day, Mr. Phelps going to business and the girls to school.

After a few days more of quiet study, Aunt Clara found, as she surmised, that while Elizabeth was extremely orderly and neat to fastidiousness, Pansy was not only disorderly, untidy in habits and person, but that Elizabeth roomed with her to please Pansy, who was timid.

One afternoon Aunt Clara invited Pansy into her own room, and after a time she said, 'Pansy, if we only had a cot, which I could put right in that alcove, I'd love to have you room with me.'

'Oh, my! Wouldn't that be lovely. And there is one in the deep closet off the hall. I'll move right in.' And she did, to Elizabeth's great pleasure; for although only two years older than Pansy, she had felt, in a measure, responsible for her and had really sacrificed her own feelings a great deal in rooming with her young sister.

Of course Pansy was rather more careful about encroaching on Aunt Clara's rights than she had been with Elizabeth; but when she used Aunt Clara's comb, and left hairs in it, Aunt Clara called her back from the dining room, and quietly said: 'Pansy, I don't so much mind your using the comb, until you can get one of your own; but please don't leave hairs in it.'

'Why, I have a comb, Aunt Clara!' in surprise.

'Be kind enough, then, to use it, so as to leave mine for my convenience,' pleasantly, but firmly. This was hard, but nothing to not being allowed to throw all her things down wherever and whenever it happened, regardless of Aunt Clara or her things; but they were so chummy and Aunt Clara was so constantly planning good times for the girls, and was so bright and so ready to help them with their lessons, to go with them wherever they were allowed to go at all, and had such an immense stock of stories, of quotations, of information, of fun, and was altogether so 'perficly lovely,' that Pansy submitted, and by little and little grew into habits of order and neatness.

And the meals became pleasant, each one having some 'Sunshine' memory to be carried away by each member of the family, for Aunt Clara believed thoroughly in the principle that digestion depends as much upon the 'tone' of the meal as upon its materials. She also took great pains to help the girls see that very much depended upon their individual efforts, for if they maintained a cheery disposition and shed a happy influence at the table, it was infectious; while, on the contrary, if they had 'differences' and brought all of them to the table, they not only did themselves a great injury, but they helped spoil the possibilities of the entire day for the entire household.

'And now, girls,' she said, in conclusion, one day, when the conversation had come around to this point, by natural gradation, 'I do want to see each of you thinking of this, and of your own possibilities for good, by just merely shedding "Sunshine," no matter how you feel. What if you are out of sorts? You have no right to help put the entire world out of joint with you. What if you do have troubles? You are not lonesome in that. Everybody carries a load of some sort, and it only remains for each of us to carry our own with as little ado as possible, but also to see how much we can do to lighten the troubles of others, and one of the very best ways, one of the easiest, to make your father perfectly happy, is to send him away from home in the morning with "Sunshine" in his heart that you have shown at the breakfast table, so that no matter what comes up in his business to distress or worry him, he will have his little daughters for comfort, and then when he comes at night, you can smooth away all his cares at dinner in the same way. Learn to keep your troubles away from the table, and allow nothing but pleasant conversation to predominate. You will have to bury self, in a measure, to do this; but that is the very spirit of "Sunshine," to think less of self and more of others. The world will never be better than its homes; and every happy home helps make a happy world.'

Elizabeth and Pansy were no worse and no better than millions of other little girls (I say nothing about boys, this time), who are too likely to let their little personal feelings come up, untrained and unrestrained, at the table, perhaps spoiling the meal for the very ones who need it most, besides spoiling their own characters, in sheer thoughtlessness, which soon develops into absolute selfishness.

We have no right to be selfish, nor even to be thoughtless, and one of the very best places to train out either quality, is at the table, by making it a place where no unkind word is heard, no scowl, frown, or pout is seen; and here is where the children of the household can do more than anyone else to radiate 'Sunshine,' for they are without the worldly cares, the financial anxieties, the other burdens of the older people.

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With the Bridge Builders.

(George Ethelbert Walsh.)

'This foolishness must stop!' exclaimed the foreman of the gang of riveters, as he stood on the bank below, and saw one of his workmen poised between heaven and earth on a huge iron beam that was being hoisted to its place five hundred feet above the river.

'We've had accidents enough,' he continued, sharply. 'The next man who goes up on a girder or beam will be discharged.'

That night the order went forth. The more conservative of the men greeted it with wise and approving nods of the head. There were dangers and accidents enough in their business without inviting unnecessary ones. There was no earthly reason why anyone should go up on a beam, sitting astride of it, or standing upright to show his comrades how cool he could be.

But not all of the younger men and apprentices viewed it in this light. 'Oh, no one will get hurt riding on a beam,' said Henry Cleveland, one of the most daring of the riveters' apprentices. 'It's no worse than hanging on the beam to hold hot rivets, or walking the narrow girders. I guess the foreman has indigestion.'

Several of the other apprentices and assistants applauded this sentiment; but Harry Motley, one of the youngest of the boys, shook his head doubtfully, and then said:

'I don't think we should take unnecessary risks, anyway.'

There was a shout of derisive laughter at this sage remark.

'Say, Harry, you must have lost your nerve,' one of the boys replied.

'Never had any,' said Henry with a grunt. 'Did you ever see him walk a beam? He keeps as far away from the edge as possible, and looks at the sky instead of the water. I'll bet he could not walk this beam here and look down.'

Henry indicated a narrow steel girder which had just been placed in position. It extended across from one cable to another. In the wind it swayed a little, and it was certainly a precarious foothold for anyone.

'Come now, dare you do it.'

'Yes, I dare do it, but I'm not going to,' replied Harry, with a flush suffusing his face.

'A nice thing to say. Well, I'll show you how to do it.'

In an instant Henry had climbed out to the beam and was walking across it, balancing himself deftly on the narrow surface, and calling back to his companions when he reached the other side.

'That's the way to do it,' he shouted. 'Now do you take the dare?'

Harry was strongly inclined to show his comrades that his nerves were as strong as their leader's. The dizzy height had no terror for him. He had time and time again looked down from a perch and knew that his head was perfectly level. He hesitated, thinking he was foolish not to earn the good opinion of his comrades, and then a rush of thoughts overcame him. What right had he to imperil his life for nothing—simply for a dare? Did he not have a mother and tiny brother dependent upon his wages for their happiness?

'That was well done, Henry,' he said, with a smile and laugh, 'but you don't expect me to do it simply because you did.'

'And why not? The other fellows will do it.'

They were dominated by Henry, so that when he ordered them to walk the beam they did so without a word of expostulation. But there was one moment when all hearts stopped beating. Williston Young, a new worker on the bridge, hesitated an instant on the way back, swayed, and turned pale. For an instant it seemed as if he would fall into the river below. It was a case of sudden fright and fear that comes sometimes to almost all workers on high places.

The boys stood stock still, fear clutching them at the heart. Only Harry Motley grasped the situation and acted. Without apparent hurry or excitement he stepped toward the beam, and pointing to the derrick above, said in his most natural voice:

'See that gull on the top of the derrick, Williston. I believe it's a big Labrador gull. They do come down this river in summer. I saw one once stuffed in a museum.'

The frightened, trembling boy on the beam looked up at the gull, his attention being so diverted from his perilous position that he forget it temporarily. When he looked down again Harry was standing on a neighboring beam, frailer and narrower, but swung parallel to the first, with one hand touching Williston on the shoulder. It required all the strength and the nerve of his body and mind to hold himself under control, but the danger in which Williston was placed gave him the strength.

'We'll cross arms this way,' Harry said, slowly, placing a hand on Williston's shoulder. The frightened boy saw the plan, and instantly extended an arm toward Harry. Thus locked together they formed a firm and steady support for each other. A dozen steps brought them safely to the platform.

Williston was so overcome with giddiness that he sat down and buried his pale face in his hands. Henry Cleveland had been a silent witness of the deed. He walked up to Harry Motley and said:

'That was a great—a brave deed. I couldn't do it myself. I was frightened to death when I saw your plan. You weren't a bit afraid, and as cool—'

Harry interrupted him with a nervous laugh. 'No,' he said, 'I must confess it. I was frightened too—terribly.'

And he shuddered at the remembrance, and buried his face in his hands. But his confession of fear brought no words of taunt from Henry. Instead, he said' 'I wish I could be frightened that way sometimes. When I'm frightened it controls me; but when you are frightened you seem to control yourself.'—'New York Advocate.'

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Saved in a Basket, or Daph and Her Charge.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

Thus consoled, Daph was prepared to calmly wait whatever should befall her. The stream of sunlight that poured right through the small window slowly crept along the floor, and the weary hours passed away.

The new and beautiful truths that had of late been brought home to the soul of Daph were much in her thoughts, and full of comfort.

'I do be afraid,' she sail to herself, 'I'se did not act so berry Christianable, when dose big men did catch Daph by de shoulder. Dere's somewhat in Daph mighty strong dat don't like folks puttin' hands on without tellin' what's de matter. Well, well; I 'spose Daph will get like a lamb, sometime, if de Lord helps her. I'se do wonder what the dears is a doin', jus' now. Maybe that sweet Miss Rose is jus' speakin' to dem beautiful words out ob de blessed Book. How Daph would like to hear dose same words her own self!'

Daph's meditations were interrupted by the sudden turning of the key in the lock, and then the door of the small room was thrown open to admit the entrance of a stranger.

The new-comer was a short, stout, elderly man, with a dignified bearing, and a calm, kindly expression in his round, unfurrowed face.

Daph looked at him with entire satisfaction. 'He do be a real genman, and dat's a comfort,' she said to herself as she dropped a curtesy, and waited to be addressed by the stranger.

Daph's favorable impressions were increased by the mild manner and clear voice in which she was addressed. She soon felt sufficiently at ease to comply with the request made by the gentleman, that she would tell him, frankly, all that she could remember of her life for the past few years, and explain how she, a poor negress, came in possession of jewellery fit for a duchess to wear.

Daph began in her own simple way, and described those pleasant home scenes on that far southern island. Her heart grew light at the thought of the happy family circle in those good old times. It was with difficulty she brought herself to speak of the sudden destruction with which that home was threatened. She touched but lightly on her own efforts to save the little ones, when there was no earthly friend but herself between them and a bloody death.

From time to time her listener questioned her suddenly; but she answered him with such apparent frankness and simplicity, that he felt ashamed of the momentary suspicions that had crossed his mind.

When Daph came, in the process of her story, to the captain's late visit, and to the day of dark, hopeless despair that followed it, the eyes that were fixed upon her slowly filled with tears.

Those tears suddenly gushed forth, as with the eloquence of a grateful heart Daph described the face, like that of an angel, that bent over her in her distress, and told of the Saviour, who is the friend of sinners, and the comfort of all that mourn.

'God bless my sweet Rose!' murmured the stranger. 'This was an errand of mercy indeed!' After a moment's pause he added, aloud, 'You need say no more, Daph,' and, as he spoke, he put out his hand to take that of the humble negress.

She did not notice the movement, for she had lowered her eyes as she dropped her modest curtesy, and relapsed into silence.

Diedrich Stuyvesant loved his daughter Rose as the apple of his eye, but he had thought her a little too enthusiastic in her desire to do good; and he trembled lest her warm feelings should lead her judgment astray.

When she had burst into his library that morning, her face flushed with excitement and unwonted exercise, he had met her with more than his usual calmness and consideration. The hasty outline of the story of her new charge seemed to him strange and improbable; but he could not resist the earnestness with which she besought him to hasten to the release of an innocent and injured woman. Rose felt a little relieved when she saw her father take his golden-headed cane and walk forth, with the deliberate air of one who has important business on hand. She would gladly have hurried his steps; but she knew that, though slow and cautious, whatever he undertook would be kindly and wisely done, and in this belief she forced herself to wait patiently for his long-delayed return.

Good Diedrich Stuyvesant did not go directly to the prison, as his daughter had advised. He first called on Dr. Bates, heard his pompous statement of the grounds of his suspicions, and received from him the troublesome gold chain, that was deemed of such importance.

Having agreed to meet the doctor at a certain hour, at the place of Daph's imprisonment, he proceeded to the red house with the blue shutters and enquired for Mrs. Ray. That personage was thrown into a fit of mortification to be found by so grand a gentleman in a deshabille, plainly intimating her recent proximity to the wash-tub; and her curiosity alone prevented her absolutely refusing to be seen in such a plight.

It did not take Diedrich Stuyvesant long to fathom Mrs. Ray, and to give to her mean and idle curiosity the contempt that even she herself felt that it deserved. 'All accoutred as she was,' she found herself obliged to accompany her new acquaintance to the prison, where she and Dr. Bates occupied a room near that in which Daph had been placed, while Diedrich Stuyvesant proceeded to converse with the prisoner. The time seemed long to the little doctor, for he had the full benefit of all abusive epithets in Mrs. Ray's vocabulary, which was by no means a limited one in that department. On him she vented all the dissatisfaction she felt on having been led 'into,' as she exclaimed, 'the worst, the very worst, piece of business I ever put my finger in.'

Daph had completed her story, and was standing silent and humble, when Diedrich Stuyvesant summoned Dr. Bates and Mrs. Ray.

The doctor, small in every respect, entered with an air of triumph; while Mrs. Ray followed; pity, self-reproach, and curiosity strangely blending in the expression with which she looked upon her old lodger.

Daph met their glance with quiet composure. In her heart she had been giving thanks to the merciful God who had raised up for her a new and powerful friend, and fresh from the presence of her Divine Master, she could look on those who had injured her without a taint of bitterness.

Diedrich Stuyvesant had spoken often in the councils of his country, and to his clear, calm voice none had failed to listen, for he spoke with the power of reason and truth. Now, he stood with the dignity of one accustomed to be heard, as he looked for a moment in silence on the accusers. Then, in a short, clear statement, he told the story of the humble negress, who listened with wonder, as he named with admiration and respect the acts which she had performed, guided by her own loving heart, and upheld by simple faith in 'the great Lord' of all.

Sternness and contempt struggled for mastery in the voice of Diedrich Stuyvesant, as in concluding, he turned towards Dr. Bates, and said, 'As for you, young man, look at that dark-skinned ignorant woman, from whom you would have lightly taken her only wealth—her good name—which is above all price!

'Think of your own fair skin, you deem so superior—of the education you rightly value—the Christian teaching that has all been sounded in your ears since childhood, and then say what good work you have done in this world! What have you to bring forward in comparison with the heroism and self-sacrifice of this poor woman, whom you despised? Young man, think twice, if you are capable of thought, before you again peril the good name of the industrious poor, who are under the especial care of the great Father in heaven! Explore the secrets of your profession, but honor the sanctity of every humble home, and pry not into those things which a lawful pride and an honorable delicacy would hide from the eye of a stranger. Know, young man, that you have this day broken the laws of this free country, where no honest citizen can be deprived of liberty on mere suspicion, and you yourself merit the punishment that you would have brought on the guiltless. But, go; I would do you no harm. Go, and be a wiser and a better man for what you have heard today!'

Dr. Bates, with a crestfallen air, turned in haste to leave the room, but his better feelings prevailed, and stepping back he said, 'I am young, foolish and conceited, I know, sir, and I hope I have learned a valuable lesson this day.' Then going up to Daph, he added, earnestly, 'I have wronged you, good woman, and from the bottom of my heart I am sorry for it. If it should ever be in my power to serve you, I should be glad to make amends for what I have done.'

'Now, don't, sir! don't, please!' said Daph, dropping curtsey after curtsey, and murmuring, 'The young genman meant no harm, I'se sure,' while Dr. Bates slowly left the room. As soon as the doctor was out of sight, Mrs. Ray took Daph by the hand, and humbly asked her forgiveness.

'Now, don't, Miss' Ray, I do be 'shamed!' said Daph, in great confusion, her own tears for the first time beginning to flow. 'Don't speak so to a poor cretur like me. We's all poor sinners; it's only the Lord Jesus, sweet Miss Rose says, that can make us clean.' The thought of having said so much in the presence of a 'real genman' now overcame Daph, and she suddenly relapsed into silence.

'Come, Daph,' said Diedrich Stuyvesant, 'it is time for you to be out of this place.'

'May I go free, sir?' said Daph with a wondering, joyous look.

'Free as air!' was the reply of Mr. Stuyvesant; 'there's no power in New York can keep an innocent woman in such a place as this.'

Daph poured forth her thanks to her deliverer, and Diedrich Stuyvesant walked forth, followed by the woman.

He was detained but for a moment in the doorway by the officers by whom Daph had been arrested, who pleaded that no action should be taken against them for their unwarrantable proceeding, and were glad to be assured that their fault, for this once, would be passed over.

(To be continued.)

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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'World Wide.'

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The following are the contents of the issue of Feb. 20, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

'The Real Issues of the War—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Bismarck of Japan—Sir Edwin Arnold, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Liberal Siberia—Where the Revolt Against Autocracy May Begin—By an Englishman in Russia, to the London 'Morning Leader.'
Russia the Most Democratic Country in Europe—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Russia's Underground Press—The New York 'Sun.'
What the Camel Thinks'—Black or Yellow Labor in South Africa?—Canon Scott Holland, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
Mr. Chamberlain's Speech at the Guildhall—A Fitting Conclusion to the Series Given in the Great Commercial Centres—English Papers.
Lord Goschen's Reply to Mr. Chamberlain—English Papers.
George Francis Train—By One Who Knew Him—In 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
The Horrors of the Congo Rubber Trade—The 'West African Mail.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

State-Subsidized Opera—C. L. G., in the 'Spectator,' London.
Art in Furnishing: On Curtains Again—Mrs. George Tweedie, in the 'Onlooker,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Return of the Magi—Poem, by J. E. G. de Montmorency, in the 'Spectator,' London.
The Salad in Literature—The 'Academy and Literature,' London.
The Vice of Taking Notes—The 'Saturday Review,' London.
This Poor Widow—Verax, in the 'Daily News,' London.
What I Owe to Oxford—Dr. Robert F. Horton, in the 'Christian World,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

A Classical Education—The 'Spectator,' London.
Ancient Use of Modern Devices—The New York 'Tribune.'
Sir W. Ramsay on Radium—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
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Science Notes.

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A Peep Through Papa's Microscope.

Little Harry Turner was standing by the table in his papa's study one wintry evening, and wondering very much what was in the big paper parcel which the carrier had just left at the door.

When the parcel was opened, Harry saw a beautiful mahogany box, and from this Mr. Turner took out a fine microscope.

'Now, Harry,' said Mr. Turner, 'I am going to show you a beautiful sight; see, I pierce my finger with this needle, and now a little drop of blood falls upon this slip of glass; come and look at the blood by the aid of the microscope.'

Harry looked, and saw a vast number of little round bodies, knocking against each other in the most peculiar manner.

'What funny things!' cried Harry, 'What are they?'

'They are called red corpuscles,' said Mr. Turner; 'they are sometimes called oxygen carriers, and their duty is to carry the oxygen in the air round the body.'

'What does the oxygen do, father?'

It burns up those things in the blood which we must get rid of, if we wish to keep in good health.'

'How wonderful!' exclaimed Harry.

'Yes, my dear son; our bodies are very wonderful. You must know that every action, every thought, causes some part of the body to be destroyed; we must have oxygen to burn up this worn-out matter if we would keep well.'

'Do you know, father, what a gentleman told us the other evening at the Band of Hope?'

'Well, what did he say?'

'He said that alcohol made these red corpuscles smaller, so that they could not carry enough oxygen.'

'That is quite right. Alcohol is such a hot, fiery liquid that it sucks the water out of the red corpuscles; they become smaller, and so cannot carry a proper quantity of oxygen round the body.'

'What is the result of that, father?'

'It causes the drinker of alcohol to be in a very dangerous condition; his blood not being purified, should he suffer from disease or accident, he will have little hope of recovery; the abstainer, having pure blood, has the power to fight against the disease, so that he may expect to live a longer and healthier life.'

'Thank you, father,' said Harry, smiling and putting his rosy lips for a kiss. 'I have another reason for keeping the temperance pledge. Good-night.'—'The Adviser.'

An Affectionate Horse.

I have not heard so pathetic a tale in a long time as that one which reached me regarding a wonderful exhibition of animal affection. It appears that a well-known young man who died rather suddenly, had a valuable horse which he had driven daily for something like ten years. Up to a day or two before his death he fed the animal daily; nobody else ever attempted it, and the horse grew to be as fond of him as a human being might have. When the young owner died the horse noticed that other persons fetched him food and water. For several days the horse refused to eat. The family did all they could to induce the animal to touch the various articles they placed before him, but without success. For days and days the horse was coaxed to eat, but he would not; the sight of the dumb brute's suffering was too pitiful for expression. The poor animal pined slowly away, until he died.—'Bangor Daily Commercial.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

Story of a Penny.

My face was not always as black and grimy as it is now, for I was once bright, and shone like gold, and belonged to a jovial old farmer.

I lived in a stuffy old mahogany till in the farmer's desk.

For companions I had dimes and dollars with white faces; and some pieces of green paper with pictures on them. I don't know whether they were always so, or had turned green with envy at sight of my shining face.

One day I heard the farmer telling his wife that he had sold the south meadow lot. He came to the till and put in a number of pieces of paper, and some yellow fellows. I did not know that they were of a different caste than I, and I said to myself, here are some relatives of mine. But as soon as their eyes got used to the darkness I heard a sniff, and a voice saying 'Look; there is one of the Penny Family, isn't it disgusting to be compelled to live with an old copper penny? But we will not associate with him.' And with that they rolled away into the opposite corner.

My feelings were dreadfully hurt. I said to myself perhaps I am copper, but not old, here is the date of my birth stamped on my breast, it is 1900. Anyone can see that I am not yet one year old.

But I was not to endure such treatment long. That evening I was taken out and given to a rosy-cheeked laddie who had helped 'Dranpa weed the f'owers,' and I spent the night beneath his little pillow.

Next day I moved again, into the till in the village grocery shop, in exchange for a stick of red and white candy.

I remained there about a week, and it was well for me that I could rest, for my next journey was long and tiresome.

I was given in change to a youth starting out to make for himself a name and fame in the big city.

We walked the greater part of the way, and often slept in a haystack in some field near the road.

On reaching the city we walked the streets day after day searching for work. Sometimes we got a kind word, but oftener a cold rebuff, and the time came when my companion would take me together with the dollars, half dollars and dimes, from his purse and sitting down upon the bed in his dingy little room, would count us over, and each day his face grew more sad. This was repeated day after day, and each time I noticed that one or more were missing from the little company.

One night I heard him say as he opened his purse, 'All I have left is one little penny.' He sat down and covered his face with his hands, while great tears chased each other down his cheeks and dropped upon the floor.

But brighter days were at hand. Next day as we were passing the Iron Foundry we saw a sign—Help Wanted—My companion entered the office of the chief manager and was accepted.

At the end of the week I was given to a shoe dealer to help to pay for a pair of shoes, and by him was given to his little daughter as a reward for hunting up his evening paper. At present I am in the little girl's missionary box and have plenty of company.

I must bid you 'Good Bye' for I am soon to start for India, to help in bearing 'Good tidings of great joy' to the little children there. —E. G. M.

The Marshal of the City of Refuge.

(Concluded.)

'Don't you know it's wicked to steal nests?' he asked. 'That's the birds' house, that they live in, just the way we live in our houses. How'd you like it if you went home some night and found a big giant had carried off your house?'

The man seemed very much surprised, but he laid down the nest, and then sat down on the grass.

'Whose little boy are you?' he asked.

The voice was kind, and Toggles answered the man's question, although he was very angry still.

'My name is Toggles,' he said, 'and I am living with mama, here on grandpa's farm, and my grandpa does not like people to steal nests on his land. Didn't you read the sign?'

'Yes,' answered the man; 'and I thought it was a very good sign. Do you help your grandpa take care of the birds?'

'I'm marshal,' said Toggles; 'that's what I've got my star for, because I'm the Marshal of the City of Refuge for the birds. If you saw the sign, why didn't you mind?'

'Is it always wrong to take birds'-nests?' asked the man.

He spoke so gently, and looked like such a nice, good man, that Toggles could hardly believe he had really done the wicked thing that he had seen, only—there lay the branch, cut off, with the nest hanging from it.

'Yes, sir,' he answered promptly; 'it always is,—that is, unless, of course, they're last year's nests.'

The man took the branch from the ground.

'This is a last year's nest,' he said.

Toggles looked him squarely in the eye.

'I don't know what your name is,' he said, 'but it's a very wicked thing to tell lies. I saw the oriole last Sunday.'

Something very like a smile crossed the man's face, but when he answered, it was grave enough.

'And so did I,' he said; 'and Monday. Have you seen him since then?'

Toggles thought a moment.

'No,' he said.

'And neither have I. He started south Tuesday night, and he won't be back until next May. He'll never use this nest again. And I would'nt mind a big giant's taking away my house, if I were all through with it, and had gone to live in another country—would you?'

Toggles thought again.

'No,' he answered. 'Where's he gone to?'

'To Central America,' replied the man. 'He goes there every winter. But he'll come back in May, and make a new nest. Now, the kingfisher down by the swamp,'—

'I know him!' broke in Toggles.

'He comes in March, and so do the mourning-doves, but the robins,'—

'They come first,' said Toggles.

'Not this year. The blackbirds were ahead of them this time. But, by the way, have you seen,'—

And that was the beginning of a talk that lasted until they heard the dinner-bell ringing from the other side of the orchard.

'Grandpa,' exclaimed Toggles, as he ran panting up the front steps, 'I've been talking with a man that knows more about birds,—oh! more than anybody; and to-morrow he is going to take me over to Mr. Smith's farm to show me where some owls live, and I want to know who he is.'

'Did he carry a green tin box?' asked grandpa, 'and wear a cap?'

'Yes,' exclaimed Toggles; 'that's the man.'

'I think,' said grandpa, 'that it must have been the rector of the Episcopal Church in the village. He is a great friend of the birds, and I am very glad that you have got acquainted with him.'

My Precious Gifts.

God gave me a little light
To carry as I go;
Bade me keep it clear and bright,
Shining high and low.
Bear it steadfast, without fear,
Shed its radiance far and near,
Make the path before me clear
With its friendly glow.

God gave me a little song
To sing upon my way;
Rough may be the road, and long,
Dark may be the day;
Yet a little bird can wing
Yet a little flower can spring,
Yet a little child can sing,
Make the whole world gay.

God gave me a little heart
To love whate'er He made;
Gave me strength to bear my part,
Glad and unafraid.
Through Thy world so fair, so bright,
Father, guide my steps aright!
Thou my song and Thou my light,
So my trust is stayed.

—'Waif.'

Sample Copies.

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LESSON XI.—MARCH 13.

Death of John The Baptist.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Matthew xiv., 1-12.

Golden Text.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. Revelation ii., 10.

Home Readings.

Monday, Mar. 7.—Matt. xiv., 1-12.
Tuesday, Mar. 8.—Luke xxiii., 1-12.
Wednesday, Mar. 9.—Acts xii., 1-4, 18-24.
Thursday, Mar. 10.—Mark vi., 14-30.
Friday, Mar. 11.—Luke vii., 16-23.
Saturday, Mar. 12.—Matt. xi., 7-19.
Sunday, Mar. 13.—Matt. xxi., 23-32.

1. At that time Herod the tetrarch heard of the fame of Jesus,
2. And said unto his servants, This is John the Baptist; he is risen from the dead; and therefore mighty works do shew forth themselves in him.
3. For Herod had laid hold on John, and bound him, and put him in prison for Herodias' sake, his brother Philip's wife.
4. For John said unto him, It is not lawful for thee to have her.
5. And when he would have put him to death, he feared the multitude, because they counted him as a prophet.
6. But when Herod's birthday was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced before them, and pleased Herod.
7. Whereupon he promised with an oath to give her whatsoever she would ask.
8. And she, being before instructed of her mother, said, Give me here John Baptist's head in a charger.
9. And the king was sorry: nevertheless for the oath's sake, and them which sat with him at meat, he commanded it to be given her.
10. And he sent, and beheaded John in the prison.
11. And his head was brought in a charger, and given to the damsel: and she brought it to her mother.
12. And his disciples came, and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

To-day we study the close of the life of Christ's forerunner, John the Baptist. Herod the tetrarch, when he heard of Jesus and his wonderful words and works, assumed that this was John the Baptist, whom he slew. Jesus had sent out his disciples, 'to the lost sheep of the house of Israel,' During this time, while he was making his third preaching tour of Galilee, John was slain. Read Matthew x and xi., 1-15..

Herod the tetrarch was the son of Herod the Great, who slew the children of Bethlehem. He was also the ruler over Galilee and Perea. Josephus, the great Jewish historian, says that John the Baptist was imprisoned in Castle Macherus, near the borders of Arabia, a few miles east of the northern part of the Dead Sea.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verses 1 and 2. 'At that time Herod the tetrarch heard of the fame of Jesus.' The time was soon after the death of John and during Christ's third tour of Galilee. Reports of the Lord's wonderful teachings and deeds reached Herod, and, knowing the high character of John, the guilty king confused the identity of the two, concluding that John had risen from the dead.

'And therefore mighty works do shew forth themselves in him.' The Revised Version says, 'And therefore do these powers work on him.' The rising of one from death, Herod thought, would indicate that he had supernatural powers. So he concludes the accounts of Christ and his works must refer to a risen John.

3-5. 'For Herod had laid hold on John.' The case was as follows: Herod had eloped with the wife of his elder brother Philip. She was also the niece of the brothers. John the Baptist, true preacher that he was, had not been afraid to rebuke this wickedness of even the king. From Mark vi., 19, 20, it is evident that, if left to himself, Herod might not have injured John, but his wicked wife had a grudge against John on account of his rebuke of their sin, and sought to have him slain. Herod, however, feared to go this far, knowing that the people looked upon John as a prophet. Moreover, Mark says: 'For Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and an holy, and observed him; and when he heard him he did many things and heard him gladly.' But one sin leads to another. By his adulterous marriage Herod had put himself under the dominion of a wicked woman, who now leads him to commit murder.

6-8. 'The daughter of Herodias danced before them, and pleased Herod.' The king was celebrating his birthday, and was surrounded by his leading men in civil and military life. Mark vi., 21. The daughter of Herodias, by her former husband, was doubtless a beautiful and graceful young girl, whose immodest dance (after the Oriental fashion) pleased the revelers at the banquet table, heightening the king's pleasure also, when he saw his guests' delight. In the excitement of the moment, and perhaps inflamed by wine, the king makes a rash promise to the dancer. The girl, whose name was Salome, had been instructed for just such an opportunity by her wicked mother. Indeed, the whole thing seems to have been planned by the unscrupulous Herodias. Salome therefore asked for the head of John the Baptist on a charger, or platter.

9-11. 'And the king was sorry: nevertheless for his oath's sake,' etc. The sudden murderous request sobered the king for a moment. He realizes the trap into which he has been led, but for the sake of his oaths (the plural is correct), and on account of those with him, he would not refuse the request.

So he sent to the prison and had John beheaded, and his head given to the girl on a charger. She in turn took it to her mother, so that Herodias might have positive evidence that the good man she hated was dead. It is supposed that this feast was at Macherus, where John was imprisoned, so that the girl's request was granted without delay.

12. John's faithful disciples performed the last tribute of their love to their leader, in coming and burying the headless corpse of this man who died because he dared to rebuke wickedness in high places. Then they went to Christ with their sad report.

There is something touching and suggestive in these last words of the lesson. When their leader was dead and they had no one to look to, they took their sorrow to Christ.

The centre of this lesson is the peril and wickedness of unbridled passion. Herod alone was not above learning from the man he here murders, but his lust and intemperance put him within the power of an evil woman, who would not scruple to trick him into a sworn promise to do what might be asked, and then made murder necessary to the fulfilment of the royal oath.

The lesson for March 20 is 'Jesus Feeds the Five Thousand,' Matthew xiv., 13-23.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Mar. 13.—Topic—Appetites that unmake men. Dan. v., 1-5, 25-28.

Junior C. E. Topic.

ABRAHAM'S CALL.

Monday, Mar. 7.—Abram's journey. Gen. xi., 31, 32.
Tuesday, Mar. 8.—God's call to Moses. Ex. iii., 4-10.
Wednesday, Mar. 9.—God's call to Joshua. Josh. i., 1-5.
Thursday, Mar. 10.—God's call to Gideon. Judges vi., 11-14.
Friday, Mar. 11.—James and John called. Mark i., 19, 20.
Saturday, Mar. 12.—'Calleth for thee.' John xi., 28-29.
Sunday, Mar. 13.—Topic—God's call to Abraham and his call to us. Gen. xii., 1-5; Heb. xi. 8.

Little Things for Teachers.

Mr. Marion Lawrence gives the following pointed thoughts about 'Little Things for Teachers,' though not one of them is really 'little.'

Success in Sunday-school work, especially in managing and teaching a class, will depend largely upon your attention to little things, such as the following:

Be in your class seat before your scholars are.

When order is called come to order instantly. If you don't your class won't.

When the school stands you stand; when it sings you sing; when it reads you read. If you don't your class won't.

Have your lesson so well learned that you can teach it with nothing but your Bible before you.

Stand or sit so you can look every scholar in the face.

Ask plain, simple questions, and do it rapidly, being sure the restless scholar gets his share of them.

Make the most of every answer, whether it be right or wrong, never ridiculing a wrong answer.

Contribute a specific amount regularly each Sunday, and try to have your scholars do the same.

Is a scholar absent? Visit him before next Sunday. If you can't do it send him a letter. Don't fail to do one or the other.

If one be sick be especially attentive and sympathetic; and show it. That very sickness may be the bending of the golden grain for your sickle. If the absence is from indifference be very persistent with your visits or letters.

Pray for each scholar regularly every day by name.

Speak to your scholars whenever you meet them during the week; go out of your way to do it.

Visit your scholars as often as once a quarter, and interest yourself in their home surroundings.

Invite the class to your home occasionally for a good social evening.

Love them, and show it.

Never lose your temper.

Pray while you teach.

Keep sweet.

Like teacher, like class.—'Evangelical S.S. Teacher.'

Old Country Friends.

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A Quaker's Temperance Lecture.

Several persons, among them a Quaker, were crossing the Allegheny Mountains in a stage.

A lively discussion arose on the subject of temperance and the liquor business, and those engaged in it were handled without gloves.

One of the company remained silent. After enduring it as long as he could he said:

'Gentlemen, I want you to understand that I am a liquor dealer. I keep a public house of ——, but I would have you know that I have a license and keep a decent house.

'I don't keep loafers and loungers about my place, and when a man has enough he can get no more at my bar.

'I sell it to decent people, and do a respectable business.'

He thought he had put a quietus on the subject, and that no answer could be given. Not so. The Quaker said:

'Friend, that is the most damning part of the business. If thee would only sell to drunkards and loafers, thee would help to kill off the race, and society would be rid of them.

'But thee takes the young, the poor, the innocent and the unsuspecting, and make drunkards and loafers of them.

'When their character and money is all gone, thee kicks them out and turns them over to the other shops to be finished off, and thee ensnares others and sends them on the same road to ruin.'—'League Journal.'

The Secrets of the Curio Cabinet.

(Maggie Fearn, author of 'Under a Social Ban,' etc., etc., in 'Alliance News.')

Charles Wyndham had not had an easy life. People who knew him knew the fact, also. He had entered on a prospectively prosperous business career when he was just one-and-twenty, but five years later he was called to face a crisis which threatened to ruin him, financially, though by no fault of his own. The matter was a hard one to face, but he faced it heroically, and brought all his accumulated forces of real sound business common-sense and some experience to bear upon the technical points. But, study the case as he might, there seemed no advantageous way out of the trouble. The matter, in detail, stood thus:

His parents had died when he was little more than twenty, leaving him a hampered inheritance. It was true that he had succeeded to fine business premises, in a good position, but the whole was mortgaged; yet with a few years' steady, successful work there was reasonable hope that the mortgage might be cleared off, leaving him unencumbered. And he resolved to do this by avoiding the sin which had been his father's ruin—the sin of intemperance—and started his business life from the safe standpoint of total abstinence. His mother's small private fortune of five hundred pounds would form the nucleus of his nest-egg, and Charles Wyndham set to his work with considerable energy.

That was five years before, and at six-and-twenty he had to face a financial crisis. Business was at a low ebb; nothing prospered with him; and the sole care and responsibility of an aged invalid uncle was a heavy additional expense. To complete his full catalogue of troubles, he had received a letter from Mr. Anderson's lawyer, giving intimation of his client's intention to foreclose the mortgage. The interest for the last half-year had not been paid, and Mr. Anderson could not wait for his money. There was another year before the mortgage would run out, but unless every penny of the interest then due should be paid within three months he was resolved to foreclose.

Charles Wyndham faced the matter with full comprehension of its worst possibilities. There were business bills which he must meet, and there would not be one penny left to pay the interest. He dared not take up money; for one reason he had no honorable security to offer, and for another there seemed no probability of paying it back. His only alternative, if he wished to avoid the foreclosure, was to take the needed sum from his mother's little fortune, and know while doing it that he was putting from him his last cherished hope of being able to redeem his failing fortunes.

'Uncle David,' said he that evening as he sat by the old man's side after the day's business was over, 'I have decided what to do. I shall pay the over-due interest from that five hundred pounds. We shall then have a clear twelve months to form our plans for the future.'

David Wyndham laid his hand wistfully on his nephew's arm.

'And by doing this you are sacrificing your last hope of redeeming your inheritance? Charles, it seems a hard thing for you, but God will do for you what is best. Even when the moment comes he may make a way of escape. I do not say he will; only that he may. You have been as a son to me all these years, and the Lord has seen it.'

'And you have been to me as a father,' replied the young man earnestly. 'Whatever Mr. Anderson may do in the matter of the mortgage we shall still have one another.'

'Yes, one another and poor Aunt Deborah's box.' The old man smiled gently as he spoke. The other smiled, too.

'Dear old Aunt Deborah! What a peculiar fancy it was of hers to leave me that quaint box with the restriction that I was not to open it until my twenty-seventh birthday. By the way, Uncle David, it has just occurred to me that the mortgage will run out exactly one month after that date. I wonder why I thought of that now? It can have nothing certainly to do with that out-of-the-world curio box.'

He glanced at it with a kindly feeling of affection as he uttered the words. The box always had a position of honor on a sideboard in Uncle David's room, but beyond that softened reverence which we all have for even inanimate things which have once been the cherished possessions of our dear dead, he had never set any guard or seal on it. Good John Ruskin's tender pathos would best have voiced his regard for Aunt Deborah's strange bequest—it was essentially 'not the gift but the giving' which rendered it valuable.

'I once thought your Aunt Deborah a rich woman,' the old man said musingly; 'but if she had money to leave we none of us knew who benefited by it.'

'Yes, I remember my mother thought the same, but the money vanished, if there were money. She was a clever business woman, however,' added Charles Wyndham. 'She made me explain to her one day every detail of the mortgage, and in ten minutes had grasped each point as fully as I understood them myself.'

Time passed—weeks, months—and still the Wyndham business had not looked up. It was due to the depression in the money market, people said; but whatever was the cause, the result was the same to Charles Wyndham. The interest had been paid out of the five hundred pounds, and the dreaded foreclosure averted; but the final crisis was at hand. The only matter awaiting decision, so far as he could see, was where to go when the present home had to be relinquished, and what would be the most profitable investment of his small remaining fortune. He must find employment which would enable him to have his uncle with him, and he found himself harassed by the difficulties of his position.

It was the evening of his twenty-seventh birthday, and he was sitting by his uncle while they read their nightly chapter together. The day's cares had seemed accentuated. The young man leaned his head wearily on his hand. Was it true that God was over all? that his hand was controlling and conducting the varied 'minutiae' of life? Charles read on slowly—

'"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord——"'

'Stop, Charles!' interrupted the old man; 'we need read no more to-night. Take that assurance for your birthday, my boy, and believe that it is true that the Lord cares for us.'

Charles rose to lay aside the Bible, and as he did so his eye fell on the quaint old curio box. A smile curved his lips.

'Surely to-day I come into rightful possession of my fairy fortune!' said he. 'It is my birthday, Uncle David, and I am entitled to open Aunt Deborah's wonderful box. How could I have forgotten it until now?' he added half remorsefully.

'To be sure,' exclaimed the old man, his eye kindling a little. 'We have been ungrateful, Charles, to pass over kindness so thoughtlessly. It is not often a birthday gift is prepared so many years in advance. The silver key is on your watch chain, isn't it? I am glad you remembered your poor Aunt Deborah's little fancy in time.'

Already Charles was slipping the little silver key from the slide ring of his watch chain when there was a knock at the room door, and the servant entered with a letter in her hand.

'For you, sir,' she said as Charles looked up, enquiringly.

He took the letter, and as his eye rested momentarily upon the postmark, a shade of anxiety overspread his face. He laid the key hurriedly on the cabinet and cut open the envelope. Then as he quickly gathered up the meaning of the brief business letter it had contained, he leaned heavily against the sideboard and covered his face with one shaking hand. The old man on the bed clutched nervously at the coverlet.

'Charles, Charles, what is it?'

Charles moved forward and sank on his knees by the bedside.

'Uncle David, it cannot be true that God cares. See!' He held up the letter. 'The company in which the remainder of my five hundred pounds was invested had become insolvent, and the shares are valueless.'

David Wyndham's pallid lips quivered slightly, and for an instant his eyes grew dim, but when he spoke his voice was clear and reverent.

'God's will be done,' he said.

'But, Uncle David, it means that we are penniless, and we must leave this house a month from to-day. You know the mortgage will have run out, and our sole dependance was upon those shares.'

'The Lord will provide,' answered the old man solemnly.

After a few minutes he added—

'Charles, you must open the box.'

The young man rose slowly.

'I have no heart to do it,' he said.

'Nevertheless, the wishes of the dead should ever be held sacred by us,' replied David Wyndham. 'There may be a message of cheer for both of us within.'

Charles fetched the old curio box from its accustomed place on the sideboard and rested it on the bed.

'You and I are partners, anyway, Uncle David,' he said, with an effort to speak brightly.

Then he fitted the silver key, and the lock flew back. He raised the lid, and the first objects that met his gaze were some massive silver spoons, a few heavy gold seals, and Aunt Deborah's watch—all of some value, but of a fashion long past. Charles lifted them out with a gentle reverence. She had loved him when he was a boy; he felt a new tenderness for her memory. Then his hand touched paper, and he saw a letter bearing his name. Underneath the letter was a packet of important looking documents, that might mean a great deal or—nothing. He sat down carelessly on the side of the bed, the letter and packet still in his hand.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence

Dear Boys and Girls,—You know that the war between Russia and Japan is causing fears for the safety of the missionaries and native Christians in Corea, Japan and China. It is your privilege to stand by them in prayer, asking our Heavenly Father to keep them safely and to protect their property.

It is difficult for us to imagine ourselves in other people's circumstances, but if we try for a moment to think what it would mean to us if our country were overrun by hostile soldiers, if it were our houses that were being destroyed, if it were our fathers and brothers who were going out to battle and perhaps not returning—no, war in our own land is too dreadful to think of! But there are little children on the other side of the world who will have to think of these things, and to see them. Already there are little children made fatherless and homeless by the cruel war; shall we not ask our Heavenly Father to provide for them in some way, and to hasten the time when the King of Peace and Love shall reign over the whole world. This is what we mean when we pray—

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done,
on earth as it is in Heaven.

If we pray this with our whole heart, God will answer. His will is perfect love, his kingdom is perfect freedom. Let us ask him specially that the missionaries and their friends may be kept in perfect peace and safety.

Your loving friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

LETTERS RECEIVED.

Ruby Brooks, Dochie R., Vernon P. M., Cecil C. Neilly, Myrtle V. B., C. E. M., Harold Coyle, Annie B., M. F. W., Mabel Stainton, F. Peters, Bessie D., Gladys E. Tuck, Lu, Bertha T., Pearl McLeod, Selwyn W. Davidson, Vida M. Smyth, Bessie L. B., Flossie Draper, Ethel Robertson, May Taylor, Nancy Wismer, Samuel W., Morton McMichael, Edna M., Flora V. Atkinson, Nora Amelia Ross, Helen I. Thompson, Annie Barbara Corbett, Flossie M. Huxtable, Bert Powell, Eva B. West, Wilber Carnahan, Elsie Mitchell, Hattie A. Hubby, Ruby Smith, Mae Manning, Vernon H., Mary E. Ward, Nellie E. Gooding, Helena Isabel MacK., Mary Belle C., Lawrence Cameron, E., Lewis K., M. A. Beckingham, Atarah Philips, Bessie B. McGee.

Several have asked for the name of the little girl in Bermuda whose letter appeared a week or two ago; her name is Edith Johnston. Those who wish to correspond with her have no doubt kept the rest of her address.

Kelley's Cove.

Dear Editor,—I have read the 'Messenger' for a long time, and think the stories are fine. The story entitled 'Daph and Her Charge' is very interesting. Most of the letters in the 'Messenger' seem to be written by young people. Why don't some of the older readers of the 'Messenger' write? Perhaps they are like me, afraid of the old basket that is always waiting.

I will try to describe this place. It is a small country situated near the ocean. In winter there are quite a number of wrecks here. My father got a lovely silver watch once for helping to save a crew from a wreck. Some of the people are fishermen, but farming is the chief industry. There have been some great snow-storms this winter. One day the mail-man could not get around, the roads were so blocked with snow. In summer this is a very pleasant place. A great many tourists are seen walking and riding around. They think the sea is beautiful, especially when the waves break over the rocks.

I am very fond of reading, and have read a great many books. We have three cats, and every one who sees them says they never saw such large cats before.

MARY A. (aged 14).

Powles Corner, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy ten years old, and I have three sisters and one little brother in Heaven. Our Sunday-school has started to take the 'Messenger,' and we like it very much. My uncle is the superintendent of our Sunday-school, and we all like him very well. My father keeps the post-office here, and we get the mail at noon every day. I think that the 'Messenger' is the best paper printed for old as well as young. Wishing all success to the 'Messenger.'

WILLIE E. P.

East Bolton.

Dear Editor,—I live on the shore of the beautiful Lake Memphremagog. In the summer there is a steamer running on the lake. It is called the 'Lady of the Lake.' It lands here at a wharf called Bryant's, named after my grandpa, who will be 73 years of age on May 12. I had two very pleasant trips through the lake last summer. One was a farmer's excursion and the other was a Sunday-school party. I go to the Sunday-school every summer. Two years ago I took the first prize, which was a lovely writing desk, and a year ago I gained the first prize again, the prize being a chatelaine bag and a lovely handkerchief; and this year I received the second prize, which was a lovely Bible. I have three brothers, two of whom are now grown up and live in Ottawa. We have one bunny; its fur is white, and mamma and grandma feed him. I have one kitten named Pansy, and one dog named Watch. My brother made a harness for him, and we hitch him up and drive him anywhere. We have four horses. Nellie is a colt that papa gave me, and she will be five years old next June. John is a horse we use a great deal. We drive him to school and send him home all alone.

PEARL B.

Bear Brook, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I will be eleven years old on Feb. 14, and father has taken the 'Messenger' for me since I was a year old. Mother used to read it for me till I learned to read myself, and I have been waiting till you could read my writing to tell you how we enjoy reading the 'Messenger.' I have three brothers, and we all love to read the stories. Ansan and Baby Carman cannot read yet, but we read for them. Father was in Montreal last June, and was all through the 'Witness' office. My Uncle Wesley, who was General Secretary of the Sunday-School Union of the Province of Quebec, used to tell us how kind you were to him. I live on a farm; we have a sugar bush, and have great fun gathering sap. I have two miles to go to school, and I never went in the winter till this one; I am trying to get there some way, so that I won't get behind in my class. I like our birthday book, and would like a text for my brother and I, as we are both in February.

WM. H. H.

Aberdour, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy nine years old. I live on a farm. I have a dog called Caesar, and two cats: Darkey and Bunny. I have one brother, William, and one sister, Annie. They are twins, and will be six years old on May 10. I shall be ten on May 5. I have one grandpa and one grandma, and they live just across the road from where I live. I often go there and have lots of fun. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,

D. C.

Russell, Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. I live on a farm six miles from the town of Russell. We live one mile and a half from the schoolhouse, and one mile from the church. I have two sisters and one brother. The Rev. Mr. Edmison is our pastor, and we all like him very much indeed. I had a little pet rabbit over two years: it would climb up and lay its head on my neck. We both felt very happy. I lost it, and I am afraid the wolves got it. We are always glad to get the 'Messenger.' Mamma looks on it as an old friend. She was telling me to-day about some stories that were in it in the early eighties.

CHRISSY McR.

Iroquois, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have five brothers and two sisters. I am eleven years, and my birthday is on Sept. 16. We live quite a distance from the schoolhouse, but I generally get a ride up to school. My two sisters' names are Annie and Jessie. Mamma says 'Daph and Her Charge' is a real splendid story. I think all the stories in the 'Messenger' are beautiful.

SADIE J. G.

Mulgrave.

Dear Editor,—I am fifteen years old, and live in the country, but prefer town, because I like business. I expect to be a teacher. Why do all write about pets? I would rather hear more about sceneries. I do not live very far from Niagara Falls, but have only been there once. In the spring I love to gather wild flowers in the woods, especially in the woods near our place, where a creek runs through, and the scenery is very beautiful.

WINNIE O. L.

(Why does not Winnie describe for us the scenery of Niagara?—Ed.)

New Dorchester, Mass.

Dear Editor,—I like your paper very much. I am six years old. I go to Thetford Street Primary School. I have two sisters, Margaret, four years, and Ruth, two years old. Every summer we go to Nova Scotia to see grandpa and grandma. They live on a farm. There is lots of snow here this winter. The steam and electric cars run near our house.

EDITH B. MacP.

Elgin, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have a pet, and it is a dog, whose name is Tip. He likes to go to the woods and have a play, and run after rabbits. He also jumps up after water and snow when we throw it into the air. I have three brothers and two sisters. My eldest sister works out mostly all the time. Also my two brothers. My youngest sister and I go to school nearly every day. I am a little boy nine years old. My oldest sister took the 'Messenger' for about five years, and my youngest sister is taking it now. I think it a very nice paper, and I always read the correspondence page the first.

JOSEPH E. P.

Intervale, N.B.

Dear Editor,—As I am only six years of age, I cannot read the 'Messenger' myself, but my brothers and sister read it to me. My father has taken the 'Weekly Witness' for nineteen or twenty years, and the 'World Wide' for two years. I have six brothers and one sister. Two of my brothers are in British Columbia. My father is a clerk in the General Offices in Moncton. My only pet is a kitten called 'Samson.'

M. ALICE H.

Peterboro, Ont.

Dear Editor,—It is a pleasant place where we live. We can see the trains running past, also the boats on the beautiful Otonabee river. I have about a mile and three quarters to go to school. We walk most of the time, but when it is very stormy, and the roads are bad, our brother drives us. I have just one brother, his name being Irwin, and two sisters, whose names are Ethel and Bertha, all older than myself. They call me baby, because I am the youngest. I was nine years old on Jan. 16. I had a nice trip one day last summer back to the lakes. We went by train as far as Lakefield, a pretty little village on the shore of Chemong Lake. Then we took the boat for Young's Point, where we stopped and had dinner under the trees. We had a jolly day, and came home again at night.

MARY H.

HOUSEHOLD.

Old Magazines.

A way of utilizing old magazines was hit upon by a semi-invalid which afforded pleasure to others and occupied her own time and thoughts. She carefully cut out articles about cooking and recipes given by noted authorities, and make a cook book for a young housekeeper, which contained recipes from some of the most noted cooking authorities. For a boy friend eager to read all about outdoor life, and without pennies to buy nature books, was made a book of the clippings about the wild flowers and birds and animals. Several especially good short stories in the various smaller-sized magazines were carefully removed, holes punched through the inner margin and a pretty paper cover added, and tied with ribbon, and the booklets given to various friends. The pictures were also carefully cut out and given to a very small girl who was making a picture book 'all herself,' but liked contributions for it.

In opening a new book, care should be taken or the back binding can easily be ruined. By going through the entire book, after laying it flat upon a table, and pressing back each leaf separately and gently, the book will easily open at any place thereafter.—'N.E. Homestead.'

Saving the Eyes.

Don't sleep with the eyes facing the light. A test by closing the eyes when facing light quickly shows that the strain is only lessened, not removed, and the interposition of an adequate shade is as fully grateful to the shut eyes as when they are open. It is sometimes necessary in a small room to have the bed face the window; but even then, by means of shades rolling from the bottom instead of from the top, the window may be covered to the few inches left free for the passage of air. An experienced oculist says that a great many people injure their eyesight by not keeping their glasses bright and highly polished. They allow dust and perspiration to accumulate upon them; then they are dim and semi-opaque, and the eyes are strained with trying to look through them.—Ex.

Selected Recipes

Cocoanut Cones.—Two pounds of white sugar, one cup of grated cocoanut. Boil the sugar until it makes a soft ball, remove from the fire and let stand a few minutes. Stir and rest it on the sides of the pan until it assumes a milky appearance. Mix in the cocoanut. Form into cones.

Minute Waffles.—One pint of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder, half a teaspoon salt, three eggs, one and one-quarter cups of milk, one tablespoon melted butter. Mix in order given and bake in waffle irons.

Rice and Chicken Croquettes.—One cup of cold chicken, chopped fine and seasoned with salt and pepper, one cup of cold boiled rice. Heat both together in a double boiler, adding a little milk, if the mixture seems dry. When hot, stir in one egg beaten light, and when it is thoroughly mixed, remove from the fire. When the mixture is cold, form into croquettes, roll in egg, then in fine bread or cracker crumbs and again in egg, and then fry in hot lard.

Apple Trifle.—Twelve apples, sliced; stew to a pulp, beat fine and sweeten well. Add the juice of one lemon, and part of the grated yellow rind, Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, and whip in with the apples. The lemon can be omitted.

Rye Biscuit.—One cup of buttermilk, one half cup of sour cream, an even teaspoonful of soda, the same of salt, stir in rye flour to form a batter as thick as can be stirred with a spoon, drop in buttered gem pans, bake in a quick oven. If preferred, knead lightly, roll and cut out same as biscuit; we like them best in gem pans.

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If your school already takes another paper, perhaps some particular class would try the 'Northern Messenger.' The 'Messenger' stories would prove a real incentive to regular attendance and would be helpful in every home the paper entered.

Our experience is that if one class gets it the whole school will order it before long. The circulation of the 'Northern Messenger' has grown with leaps and bounds, numbering to-day over sixty thousand copies a week.

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With Solid Silver nickel case, fancy edge, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement by selling only 7 of our large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "Rock of Ages," "Angel's Whisper" and "Family Record," at 25c. each. A Certificate worth 50c free with each Picture.

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Simply write us that you would like to earn this handsome Watch and we will send the pictures at once postpaid. You can easily sell them in half an hour as they are the largest and most beautiful pictures ever sold in this country for 25c. Write us to-day. Every boy will be delighted with this handsome Watch. The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 495, Toronto.

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For selling only 7 large, beautiful Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, at 15c each. In the centre of each one is a very realistic Picture of the Great Baltimore Fire, surrounded by smaller pictures of other noted Fires, such as the Great Chicago Fire, the Boston Fire, the San Francisco Fire, the Ottawa Fire, etc., etc. The first seven people you meet will buy them from you. They are the fastest sellers you ever saw. When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you, absolutely free, this beautiful Ring, elegantly finished in 14 k. Gold, and containing one very large, magnificent flashing Austrian Diamond in the famous Tiffany style setting. The stone is wonderfully hard and brilliant, full of color and fire, and can hardly be told from a Real Diamond. Write us a Post-Card to-day, and we will mail the Pictures postpaid., Address, THE HOME ART CO., Dept. 430, Toronto.

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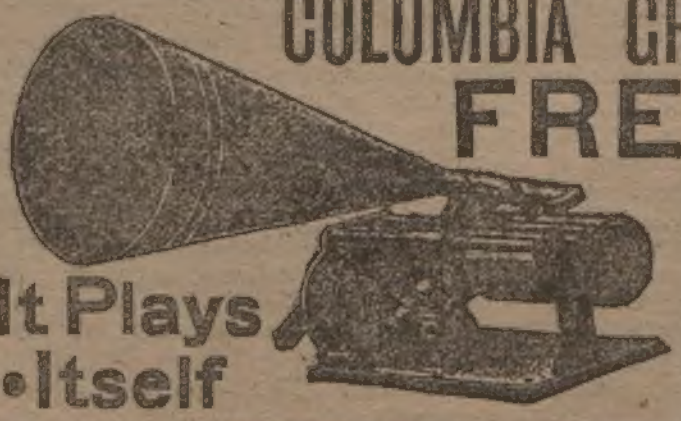
SEND NO MONEY

Just your name and address and we will mail you postpaid 10 large beautiful packages of Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. No trouble to sell our Seeds when you tell your friends that every package contains the finest mixtures in the world of over 60 different varieties, all giant flowers, deliciously fragrant, in endless combinations of beautiful colors. We also give a certificate worth 50c. free with each package. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this beautiful Ring, Solid Gold finished and set with Rubies and Pearls, and, if you send us your name and address at once, we will give you an opportunity to get this handsome Gold finished Double Hunting Case Watch, elegantly engraved, that looks exactly like a $50.00 Solid Gold Watch. FREE, in addition to the Ring, without selling any more Seeds. This is a grand chance. Don't miss it. THE SEED SUPPLY CO., DEPT 441 TORONTO

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE FREE



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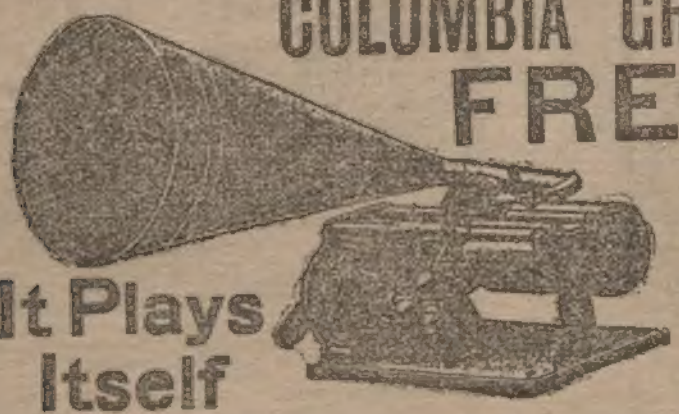

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Makes 200 Revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartments. Boys! this big, powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling only 9 large, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c. each. Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Order now, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work. **PRIZE SEED CO., Dept. 415 Toronto**

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A marvellous invention that will tell your fortune and answer every question you ask it, **free** to you for selling only **1 doz.** large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds** at 10c. each. **(A Certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.)** Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They sell like hot cakes.** If you wish to know whether fortune or misfortune awaits you, if you are to marry or not, or anything else that now puzzles you, write us at once to send you the Seeds and in a few days time this wonderful Fortune Teller will be telling you everything you want to know. Address **The Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. 422 **Toronto.**

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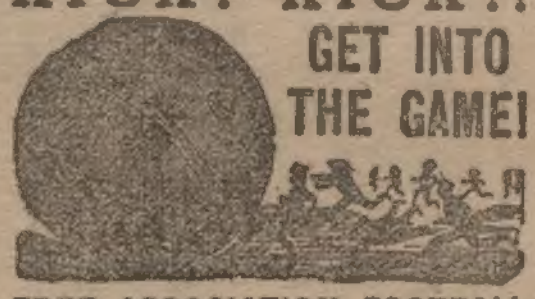
Barrels of Fun for Every Boy and Girl

You can SKATE—COAST—SLIDE

Wherever there is snow, sleet or ice; either on street, hill, walk, crusted snowbank or anywhere else with a pair of our wide runner skates, made of special steel, any size, handsomely finished, which we give away free for selling only 2 doz. packages **fresh Sweet Pea Seeds** at 10c. each. Every package is handsomely finished in 12 different colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Everybody buys them. They are the best sellers you ever saw. A certificate worth 50c. free with each package. Boys and Girls, write to-day, sure, and we will mail Seeds postpaid at once. Address Prize Seed Co., Dept. 404, Toronto.

KICK! KICK!! GET INTO THE GAME!



FREE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

full regulation size, made of specially prepared Oak Tanned Leather, hand sewn and furnished with best quality red rubber bladder, given for selling at **10c.** each only 18 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers.** A. E. Logan, St. John, N.B., said: "The Seeds went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Jas. Kavanagh, St. John's, Nfld., says: "I am highly delighted with my football. I could not buy it in this city for less than $7.50. Men of experience say it is the best ball they ever played with." Address T[illegible]

Handsome Fur Scarf and Ring FREE

We trust you with **24** large, beautiful Gold Filigree Heart-shaped Lockets, each enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, the most fragrant and durable Perfume in the world (never before sold for less than 25c.), to sell for us at **only 10c.** each. A certificate worth 50c. free with each one. **No trouble to sell our beautiful Perfumed Lockets.** The first 24 people you meet will gladly buy when you say they are only 10c. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this **Handsome, stylish Fur Scarf, over 40 inches long,** that looks exactly like one costing $10, made of beautiful, soft, warm, black Coney Fur from specially selected skins, with six large bushy tails and a handsome neck and chain fastener. If you write us at once to send you the Lockets, and sell them and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you **FREE, in addition to the Fur Scarf,** an elegant gold-finished **Opal Ring** in a velvet-lined case as an **extra present.** Ladies and girls, you will find our Lockets the easiest sellers you ever handled, and our presents the most beautiful ever given away. Don't fail to write at once. **The Home Specialty Co., Dept. 435 Toronto, Ont.**

LADIES' ENAMELLED WATCH FREE

For selling at **10c.** each only 2 doz. large beautiful packages of Sweet Pea Seeds, decorated in 12 colors and containing 42 of the most fragrant and large flowering varieties in every imaginable color. A 50c. certificate free with each package. Maggie Speers, Mono Mills, Ont., says: "I took the Seeds to school with me and sold them all in 10 minutes." This **dainty and reliable watch** has **gold hands, fancy dial,** stem wind and set, **jewelled movement,** and is **beautifully enamelled** with **roses and leaves** in nature colors. Delia Shaw, Wharton, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my watch. It is certainly very dainty. I did not expect anything half so pretty. Write us a **Post Card** for Seeds to-day. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 414 TORONTO, ONT.**

GRAND MAGIC LANTERN FREE for a Few Minutes' Work

Just send us your name and address and we will mail you 1 doz. of our handsome Gold Knot fast-selling Stick Pins, set with large, beautiful, flashing imitation Diamonds, Rubies, Sapphires, etc., (worth 25c.), to sell at only **10c.** each. A certificate worth 50c. given free with each Pin. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this large, superb Magic Lantern, finely made of red lacquered metal, brass trimmed and provided with 3 fine focusing lenses in an adjustable tube for increasing and diminishing size of picture, a large lamp and a complete set of photographic slides showing dozens of large, beautifully colored pictures of every description. Write us to-day. The Pin Co., Dept. 476, Toronto

Beautiful Presents FREE

For a Few Minutes' Easy Work. No Money Required

Simply send us your name and address on a Post Card and we will mail you postpaid and trust you with **20 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell at 10c. each. No trouble to sell our Seeds when you say that every package contains **the finest mixture in the world, over 80** different varieties, all giant sweet scented flowers in every imaginable color. **A certificate worth 50c. free with each package.** When sold return us the money and we will immediately send you **the most beautiful Doll you have ever seen.**

21 INCHES HIGH

with long, golded curly hair, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and moveable head, arms and legs. Her handsome dress is elegantly trimmed with ribbons and lace, and she has a beautiful hat to match, as shown in the picture, also stockings, slippers, and lace trimmed underwear. **Girls, remember,** you get this handsome Doll, beautifully dressed from head to foot—**worth $2.00 cash in any store**—absolutely free for selling only 20 packages of Seeds, and if you sell the Seeds and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you a handsome Solid Gold finished **Ring**, set with a **large magnificent Fire Opal** in a velvet lined Box, **free as an extra present**, and **if you write us at once** we will give you an opportunity to get this beautiful Gold finished **Watch FREE in addition to your other presents** without selling any more Seeds. **Remember,** no other Company gives such valuable presents for doing so little work. You will find our Sweet Pea packages the fastest sellers you ever saw. **Write us to-day.** We guarantee to treat you right. The Publishers of this paper will tell you that we always do exactly what we say. Address **THE SEED SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 433 TORONTO, ONTARIO**

LADY'S ENAMELLED WATCH FREE

for selling only 10 large, beautifully Colored Pictures, 16 X 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to the Cross I Cling," at 25 cents each. Every purchaser gets a 50c. certificate free. These pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors, and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. This dainty and reliable Lady's Watch has Gold hands, fancy dial, is stem wind and set, with jewelled movement and solid silver nickel case with roses and leaves beautifully enamelled in natural colors. Agnes Patterson, Nanaimo, B.C., writes: "I was delighted to get such a surprise. It was always my ambition to have a watch, but such a little beauty as you sent me took us all by storm. All my companions are going to earn a watch like mine." We want every girl and lady who has not a watch already to write for the Pictures at once. Address, **THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 414 Toronto.**

WE WILL GIVE YOU THIS Elegant Fur Scarf

42 INCHES LONG

made of beautiful soft black Coney Fur, from skins specially selected for their beautiful lustrous finish, and ornamented with six large bushy tails and a handsome hook and chain fastener, if you will sell only 20 beautiful Gold Knot Scarf Pins, set with large magnificent imitation Diamonds, Rubies, Opals, etc., at 10c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. given free with each one.) **Our Scarf Pins are the biggest bargains you ever saw for 10c. each and the fastest sellers.**

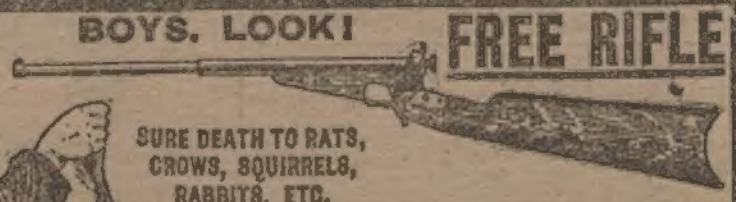
We Trust You

Send your name and address and we will send Pins by return mail postpaid. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you **absolutely free** this handsome Stylish Fur Scarf that could not be told from one costing $10.00. Address The Pin Co., Dept. 432, Toronto.

MAGNIFICENT CARVERS FREE

SEND NO MONEY Just your name and address, plainly written, and we will mail you, postpaid, **1 doz.** large packages of early-blooming **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell at 10c. each. Every package contains the finest mixture in the world, **over 80** different varieties, all large flowering deliciously fragrant and beautifully colored. **They are the fastest sellers you ever saw.** When sold return the money and for your trouble we will send you this **handsome set of carvers,** full size, made of the best English tempered steel, with finest quality stag horn handles, and silver ferrules. **You could not buy this set of Carvers in any store in Canada for less than $2.00 cash** and the only reason we can give them for selling so little is because we were fortunate in securing a special lot from a large manufacturer in England at a greatly reduced price. This is the greatest chance for you in the whole paper. Write us at once or they may be all gone by the time your letter reaches us. Address, **THE PRIZE SEED CO., Dept. 446 Toronto, Ont.**

BOYS, LOOK! FREE RIFLE



SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid rifles to anyone who will sell only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Speelis, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Henry Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. 428 Toronto.

LADIES' WATCH AND OPAL RING Free

Send no Money

Just your name and address, and we will mail you postpaid, **16 Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets,** each consisting of a beautiful Gold Filigree Heart Shaped Locket, enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable perfume in the world. These beautiful Lockets sell everywhere for 25c., and people are glad to buy. You sell them for **only 15c.** and **we give a certificate worth 50c. free with each one,** return the money, and for your trouble we will give you this **beautiful little Lady's Watch** with fancy gold hands, on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors, and if you send us your name and address at once and sell the lockets and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you **free in addition to the watch** a handsome gold finished ring set with a **large, magnificent Fire Opal** that glistens with all the beautiful colors of the rainbow. Ladies and girls, write us to-day. You can easily sell the lockets in half an hour and we know you will be more than delighted with these two beautiful presents. Address **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept 434 Toronto.**

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, 12c., postpaid. N. Box 401, Toronto.

PICTURES ON CREDIT

—NO SECURITY ASKED—

We send you **15** large beautifully colored pictures, each 18x22 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished **Double Hunting Case** Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid, also our large illustrated Premium List showing dozens of other valuable prizes. Address, Home Art Co., Dept. 418 Toronto.

HANDSOME WATCH and COMBINATION KNIFE

Given Away **FREE**

The Watch has a Solid Silver nickel case, fancy edge, hard enamelled dial, hour, minute and seconds hands, and is fitted with a reliable and accurate American movement. With care it will last 10 years. The Knife is made of best English steel and has 2 fine blades, a cork screw, glass cutter, etc. **Remember** you get **BOTH** the Watch and the Knife absolutely free if you will sell only 2 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Every package contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color, and we give a certificate worth 50c. free with each one. **Everybody buys them. They are the fastest sellers you ever saw.**

Send name and address today and we will mail the Seeds postpaid.

Address—**The Seed Supply Co., Toronto, Ont.**

Earn This WATCH

With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, Imported works, by selling only 18 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said; "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 455, TORONTO, Ont.**

EASILY EARNED

Boys you can easily earn this large finely made Magic Lantern that shows dozens of large beautifully colored Pictures of all kinds, animals, clowns' performance, ships, Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, etc., etc., by selling only 1 doz. large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds** at 10c. each. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 different colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys them. They are the best sellers you ever saw.** Write us at once and we will send the Seeds postpaid and in a few days you will be making lots of money giving magic Lantern shows. **THE SEED SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 470, TORONTO**

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'